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# Pepys's GHOST

HIS Wanderings in *Greater Gotham*, His  
Adventures in the *Spanish WAR*, together  
with His *Minor Exploits* in the Field of  
*LOVE* and *FASHION* with His *Thoughts*  
thereon. Now re-Cyphered and here set  
down, with Many ANNOTATIONS, By  
EDWIN EMERSON *Junior*

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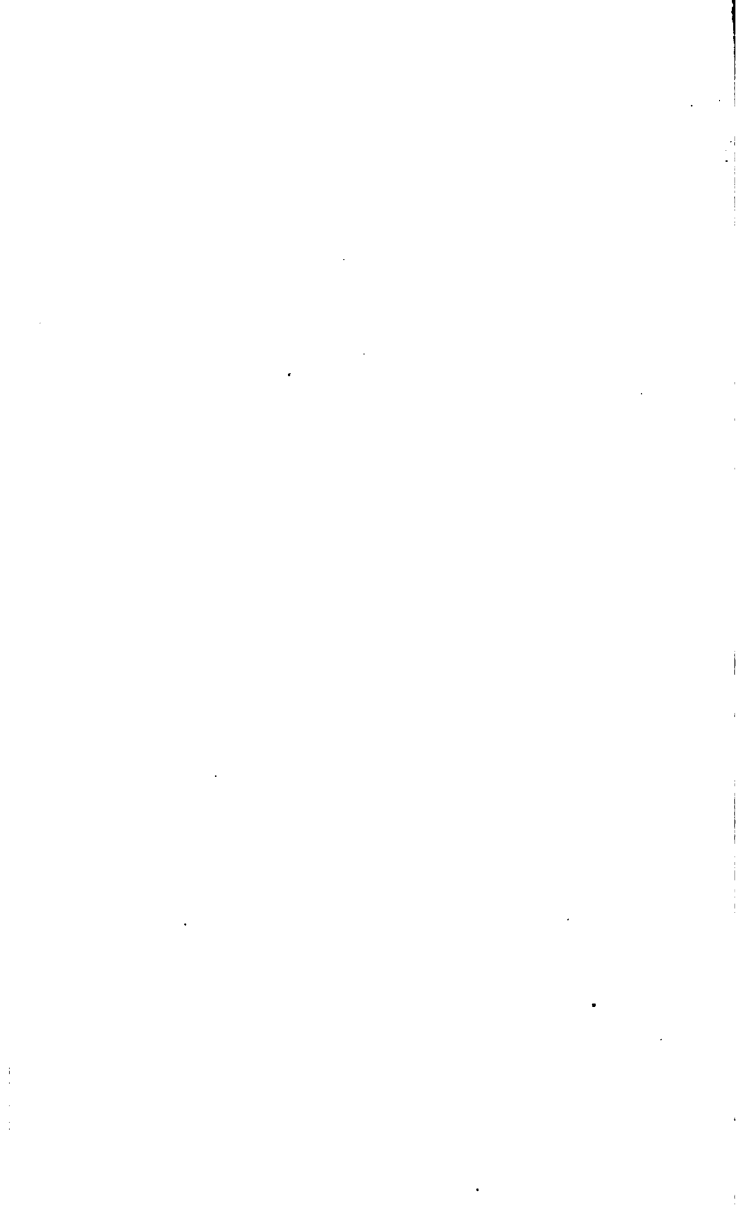
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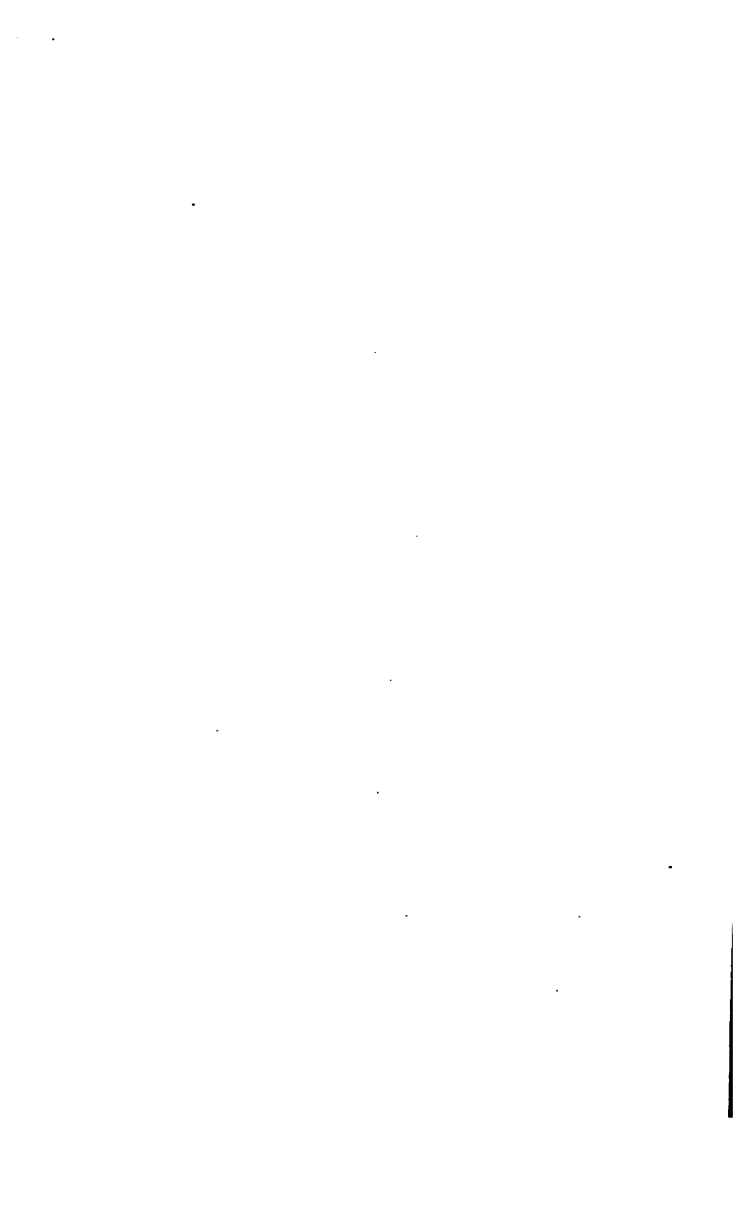
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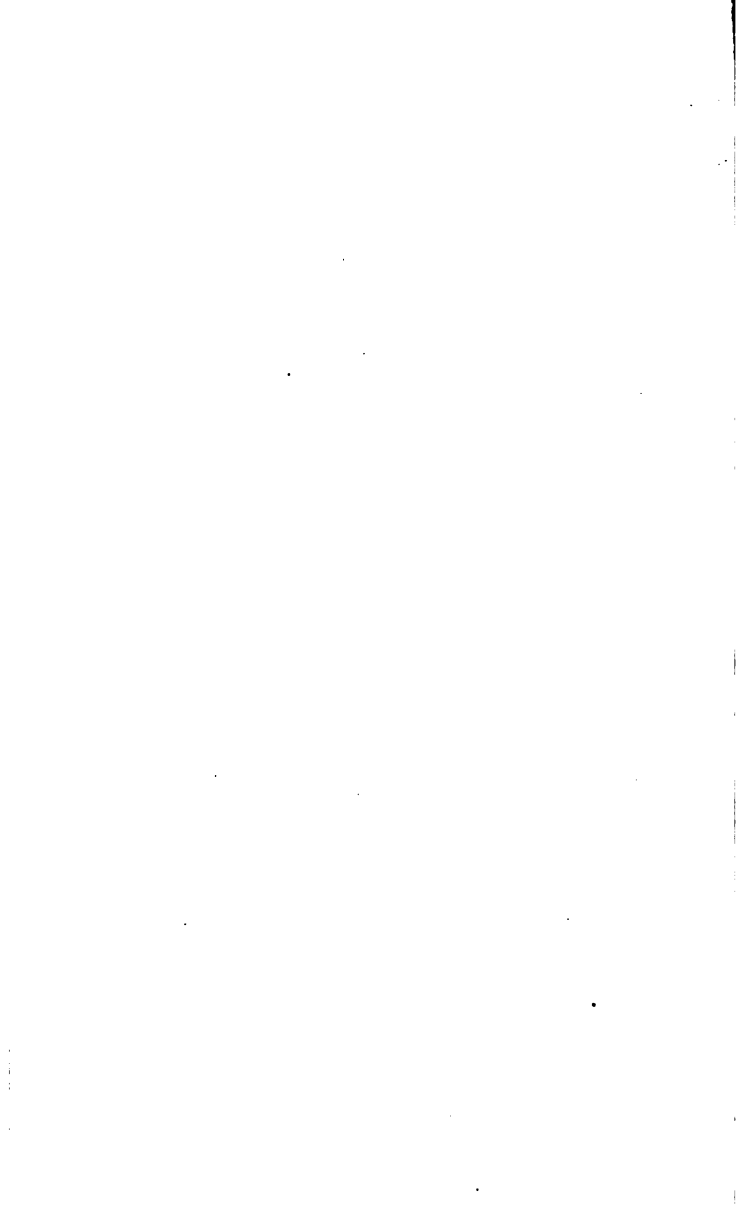
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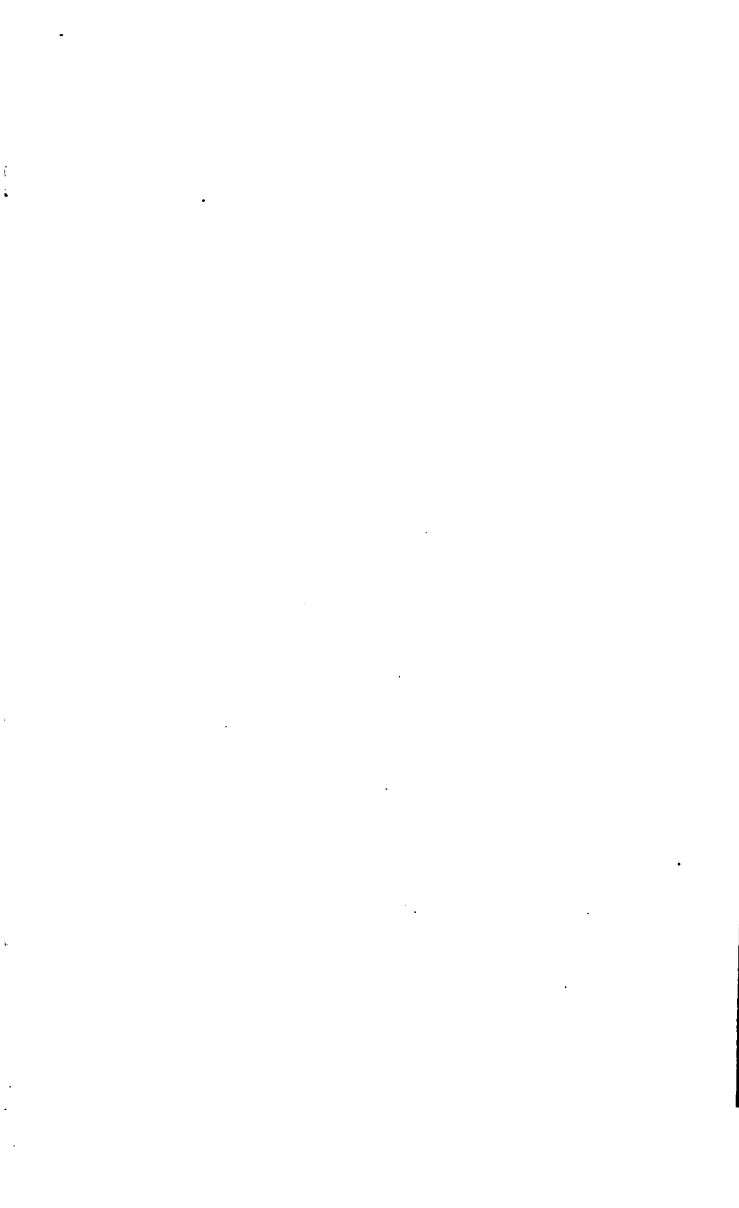
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of the Author

Christmas, 1878













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# Pepys's Ghost



*first day of the year.*— So starteth the newe yeare, I bless God, with great joy to me, for I have never been in so good plight as to my health, without any sense of pain, but upon taking of cold, either in cold weather, nor indeed in any hot weather, these seven years, as I am this day, and have been these 4 or 5 months. But I am at a great losse to know whether it be mine hare's foote, or drinking turpentine, or my having lefft off the use of a night cappe, no not till yesterday, and that because of the holyday frolick.

¶ To Mr. Sherry's new hostelry \* last night for mirth and dancing, my wife wearing her newe smock of greene watered moyre, very prettie withal, to do honour to St. Sylvester,† and did drink there of a most noble punch, very cunningly brewed, so we all grew merry, with naughty pranks. God forgive our folly.

My

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\* In those days the most fashionable public ball-rooms of New York, later removed to a new site on Fifth Avenue, in consequence, so it was asserted, of the scandal occasioned by a certain bachelors' banquet.

† Patron saint of New Year's Day.

## *Pepys's Ghost*

¶ My wife would have it, we must heare the chimes of Holy Trinity at midnichte, despite alle my hott wordes, so I beholding an new fangled equipage what runneth along with a coachman and yet no horse, must needs hail him and alight inside with my wife, and so we off on our foolish expedition, fit to make a dogg laugh.

¶ Down-town the crowde pressing hard in upon us, with blatant hornes and rough rag, tag and bobtail making a jeste of our coachman and his new contrivance, we did darte into Pearle street with high hopes because of its wyndding way † that it might bringe us out of all noyse into the Bowling Green and so close unto the church yarde, § but were cruelly deceaved, the crowde below as bad as above spoyling the sweete musick of the chimes with horrid dinne of hornes and screachings, yea it was as iffe Bedlam be let loose.

¶ So home and I angered to find the house empty, Jane, the mayde, having gone abroad with the new boy. 'Tis plain we must part, which troubles me (though she be put away by us), for I love the mayde for her naughty tricks, and so to bed thinking of my broken vows and long neglected journall.

*January 2d.*—This fore noon I judge fit to looke over all my papers, and to tear all that I found either boyish or not fit to be seen, and find that every thing lessens, which I have and am likely to have, and therefore must I looke about me to get something more than my just stipend,  
or

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† The most crooked street of old New York, running out of Broadway near Bowling Green, and returning to the same street on the other side of the City Hall. Its devious way has given rise to the local sarcasm applied to persons of doubtful honesty : as “straight as Pearl Street.”

§ Trinity Church.

or else I may resolve to live well and die a beggar; yet am I in good esteeme with every body, me thinks, leastwise to my face.

¶ Everything else in the State quiett, the condiçion of publike matter standing thus, viz. :

¶ This city now fallen utterly under the hands of Dick Croaker \* and his friends, alle in good office from this day on, upper most of them Jack Carroll,† him who lately was but a clerke of the Oyer & Terminer and the Generall Assizes where I did oft encounter him. A great hue and cry being raised agaynst our Government for issue of rotten meats to our souldiers and their cruelties in the Asiatick Isles beyond all belief, but in faith no good will come of it. The Turk goes on mightily in the Greek King's dominions and the Princes cannot agree among themselves how to go agaynst him. The German and Russian Emperours very far entered into China, and all that part of the worlde at a loss what to expect of it, but we lying idle, fearthsome lest we loose contrroll of all islands and dominions in our Western seas, the Spaniard still harrassing the Antilles, though we say him nay.

At

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\* Richard Croker, a former hoodlum and follower of Boss Tweed, who gained his first prominence in a number of bloody brawls. He was afterward made City Chamberlain of New York. After a temporary eclipse and departure from the country at the time of certain revelations of corruption, bribery, and blackmail in New York City, his party returned to power; and he was once more acknowledged as the supreme leader of the city's affairs.

† John F. Carroll, former clerk of the Court of General Sessions, and beneficiary of the fees paid into that court. At that time the reputed favorite of Richard Croker, by reason of his large official acquaintance with the criminal classes.

## Pepys's Ghost

¶ At dinner my wife full determined to go to the Playhouse to see Mistress Rehan † play the Shrew as *Katherine*, but I sought to satisfy her with fair promises of seeing the same players to act *As You Like It*, that droll comedy that pleaseth me so well, and with more promises of beholding the *Criterion* players, § ween they bring forth three new plays all of one afternoon, yet she ill appeased, because of the mayde remaining in our house. So endeth the day, with fresh troubel.

*Twelfthnight*.—Lay long in bed to perswade my wife how we must spend our substance less lightly, my newe great coate and the silken whip that I did give her for Christmas of last yeare indeed costing out of all countenance, but she, poor wretch, doth so complayne of her dull lot that I in pity promise her to go to Mr. Daly his play-house once more to see Mistress Rehan act her part, I thinking that it must needs be the play *Twelfth Night*, that merry comedy Jack Wendell \* did delight me in, when we ate hasty pudding together at coledge. So, after dinner, took coach, and thither, but were astonied to see her take the part of Rosalind in *As You Like It*, that pastoral play so cried up by Mlle. de Maupin. † There saw we Will Winter ‡ and John Corbin, § the

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† Ada Rehan, leading lady of Augustin Daly's Theatre.

§ New York's Independent Theatre, supported by the publishers of the *Criterion*.

\* Jacob Wendell, Jr., younger brother to Barrett Wendell, of Harvard University, a favorite amateur actor of New York and former star of the Hasty Pudding Club of Harvard College.

† See Théophile Gautier.

‡ William Winter, dramatic critic for the New York *Tribune* and author of several books on the drama and Elizabethan literature.

§ Dramatic critic of *Harper's Weekly*.

the pamphleteer who helpeth Mr. Alden || in his office on Franklin Square, standing upright in the foremost pit, but I accosted him not espying Polly close by him, yet knew not one another, and I highly contented thereat, and glad withal to behold her smooth neck turning now this way, now that, as if for to vex me, albeit she feigned not to see me, because of my wife.

¶ The play much the same as before, with Mistress Rehan as gaunt and mincing as ever, only a new headgear what pleased my wife well, but laughed heartily over the droll anticks of them that played Touchstone, the motley fool, and Audrey, the rustick wench with her clown. The singing very prettie, all but the voices too highly strayed.

*Seventh.*—This day did I receive an letter from Polly, she having perceaved me where we sate in the pit, yestereen, so coy and droll, that I did view all ill as pleasantry, and so to the *Criterion* Players regardless of any expense. There did I see Signor Giacosa's new play *I Diritti dell' Anima*, transformed to English by my friend Mr. Meltzer,\* mightily well done too, and I all aglow over one pithy sentence said by Mistress Otis,† her that entertayned me in her theatre pew on St. Sylvester night, saying *I deploare my vertue*, and made me to think of more than one honest woman that might say likewise. In the pit with us was Mistress Steffens

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|| John D. Alden, editor of *Harper's Magazine*.

\*Henry W. Meltzer, former dramatic critic and foreign correspondent for the New York *World*, then dramatic critic for the *Criterion*.

† Elita Proctor Otis, leading lady in the *Rights of the Soul*.



Steffens † with Norman Hapgood § his brother, || both very scorning, and Jack Barry, \*\* full of praise, and did encounter Monsieur Dumay, †† one of the playwrights, but he too breathless to give heed to me. His play, hight *From a clear Skye*, very cunningly wrought, Carrie Keeler, playing a pitiful young wife with two husbands, but when it was most tragick all was spoyled at the end by the bungling play-actor shooting off his blunderbuss into the boardes of the stage making him that feigned to be shot fall sidewise with a wry face. So I full of merriment to the Aldine Tavern †† and supped there with Ned Woodberry, §§ the poet, who rejoyced with me over my late new windfall that hath lifted me out of poverty, as I did rejoyce with him the time he was called here from Bostontown, and what with drinking of French wine and reciting of sonnets grew highly frolicksome, and so home very joyful, my wife falsely charging me with drunkenness, God forgive her.

*Fourteenth.*—Mine house topsy-turvy, making ready to move and I eager to learne what cometh before me, letting my journal lie idle, but was recalled to it againe seeing Julia Marlowe her company

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† Josephine Bontecou Steffens, authoress.

§ Dramatic critic for the *Commercial Advertiser* and author of collections of essays.

|| Hutchinson Hapgood, journalist and miscellaneous writer.

\*\* John D. Barry, dramatic critic for *Collier's Weekly*, author of *The Sock & Buskin Biographies*.

†† Henri Dumay, former professor of French at Washington University, at that time editor of the *Criterion*.

†† The Aldine, a publishers' club on Fifth Avenue.

§§ George Edward Woodberry, author and professor of English literature at Columbia University.

pany play *As You Like It*. There is much talke in the town how she and Mistress Rehan outdo one another, so I all hot to go from one t'other to apprise all points in what they differ, nor am I sorry I went, but must spend my substance more soberly henceforth untill my newe emoluments come due. Truth is I can nevermore hope ever to see the like done agayne either by men or women, nor such richness of paynted landskips or regularity of apparel, with living leaves uponne the stage to marke the turning of the yeare. But so reckless a performance of the part of Rosalind was never in the world before as Julia Marlowe do this, worthy to warm the cockles of Mlle. de Maupin's heart, first as a lovesick girle, then most and best of all when she strutteth in like a young gallant; and hath the motions and carriage of a young spark the most that ever I saw a girle have. It makes me I confess admire her. Then did I leave my place to go behind the curtayne to pay my respects to Monsieur de Tassin,\* mine erstwhile schoolmate, taking the part of wicked Frederick, and he so pleased at what I said of his playing, that he gladly promises to present me to Julia, who he says plays her part as in a mad frenzy. And she very gracious, with not a worde of her husband† now playing out of town, but complayneth of her late illness, so I forebore to teaze her with the idle dispraise Will Winter‡ and Allen Dale§ writ agaynst her, but shall have it out with them yet if they be open to reason.

On

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\* Algernon de Vivier Tassin, Shakespearean actor and writer of short stories.

† Robert Taber.

‡ See previous note.

§ Isaac Cohen, dramatic critic for the *New York Journal*.

¶ On this day arrived here Lord Douglas, son to the Marquis of Queensberry, what clapped Mr. Oskar Wilde, our crestfallen play-wright, into gaol, likewise her claiming to be first lawfull wife to the play actor Ratcliffe,|| the other day sentenced in the General Assizes for cruell beating of his wife. To-night I do go to Polly, her house, for to find her alone, true to the promises she writ in her letter, but our Lord forgive me I greatly dread the issue.

*Fifteenth.*—Up betimes and to mine office much worried over papers and did make a vow not to neglect mine affairs this many a day. Yet could I not think of aught else but Polly, and her treachery, how she did bid others come and see her yestereen, the whilst her husband was abroad, and so it came about that we did all meet and fiercely glare upon one another, each longful that t'other might go, and so sate untill late of the night, and then came away alltogether, the naughty rogue laughing in her sleeve.

¶ At noon to the Cobweb,\* there dined with Mr. Durdan,† whom I learned to know at court that time I did write the report when and how cunningly he did trap the fiddle thief, and while talking mighty busily, in cometh Mr. Osborne,‡  
crown

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|| Edward J. Ratcliffe, put on trial in New York at the instance of Peter Delacey, his wife's father.

\* An old tap-room on Duane Street, so called because of the cobwebs that have been allowed to gather on the cupboards for more than two generations.

† H. P. Durdan, a Canadian, brought into prominence as the chief witness in the peculiar trial of Victor S. Flechter, a dealer in musical instruments, charged with the theft of a valuable Stradivarius violin.

‡ James Osborne, assistant district attorney and chief prosecutor in this *cause célèbre*.

crown attorney in the trial, and says very shrewdly that the thief was not trapped after all, since that he goeth free everywhere, not minding his punishment, no not one bit, and selleth instruments, more strange than ever. And after a round drink, he to the Assizes and we to our offices, when a gentleman plucks me by the sleeve; but I much puzzled who he might be, in the end hailing him as the woman stage actor in the play *Charley's Aunt*, whom he was in no wise, being Mr. Townsend,\* the first sworn-juror in that same great trial of the stolen Stradivari, and he, too, discourses of the Dutch fiddlemaker, and asketh where he be clapped in gaol. But I telling him how I saw him but yesterday hale and hearty at the Musique Players † that have come from Boston town, he waxeth very angry calling him scoundrel, withal and a damned black thief, to my admiration and great wonderment to so much choler in so little a man. But he not to be put down, decrieth our judges, as wanton marplots moved by this their jealousy against His Honour, the Recorder, ‡ and how any wretch can go scot free in our land if he only have money, I keeping my own counsel untill he goeth this way and I that, and so parted. And I very sad in my heart that our common law so fallen in contempt and no reverence shown to it nowhere.

*Twentieth.*—This day to Delmonico's new Tavern and there met Philipp Hale, § the musique scribe, eating there and drinking with Mistress Hale

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\* Dexter Townsend, artist.

† Boston Symphony Company.

‡ John W. Goff, the famous prosecutor of corrupt policemen in 1894.

§ Well-known critic and editor of the *Musical Record* of Boston.

Hale, his wife, and Mynheer Kneisel,|| the sweet player from Boston, mighty merry, mine host sending us good sack, till very late. Mistress Hale hot for the new Italian opera, at the Academicall Playhouse,\*\* and I made promise to come, but went not, falling into company of more players, who do entice me to hear better musique played at the Welsh chapell, standing by Master Thulstrup's †† house, with high hopes of good company. So disappointed was I never, meaning to hear Master Harris play on his spinette or Signor Tonzo Sauvage or Gwilym Miles,‡‡ the singer, but none came, and those what came hid them under the pit of the chapell, to the high anger of him who had procured the concerto to the benefice and charity of a poor singer gone stark mad. Only the maydes and mistresses did sing very prettily, what made me not regret my paynes. ¶ So to bed, my wife sleeping already, but lay long thinking on my forgotten journall and Mistress Hale, with my broken promise to her, which God forgive.

*Twenty-seventh.*—Lay long in bed, and so up and abroad to several places about petty business. Among others to Sir Hannibal Ingalls \* and was vexed to see him take it amiss that I should be come to demand my royalty, which I took in some dudgeon

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|| First violin of Boston Symphony and leading spirit of chamber music concerts conducted under his name.

\*\* Andrée Chénier, first presented in this country at New York Academy of Music.

†† T. de Thulstrup, well-known artist and illustrator.

‡‡ Musicians and members of New York Manuscript Society.

\* H. I. Kimball, head of former publishing firm of Stone & Kimball, then engaged in publishing one of the diarist's books.

dudgeon, calling him unreasonable man to his great alteraçon, and see clearly that I must keep at a little distance and not crouch, or else I shall never keep myself even.

¶ So home and did fall to uprayding my wife's mayd, she not having platted my new breeches, no not at all, and the wench with many tears threatens forthwith to forsake my wife against mine intention, and to my big regret, for truly she was a good wench and honest, albeit I called her a lazy slut. My wife, hearing the outcry, would rate at me, though not without cause, but I will not have it, being master in mine own house.

¶ An invitation sent me to come and dine with my friend, Master Bitter,† there to break bread with the sisters Barrison, them that were banished the German Kingdom, and I having newly taken a solemne oathe to my wife about abstaining from plays which I am resolved to keep according to the letter of the oathe which I keep by me, I clap on my hat, still sorely vexed at the mayd's foolishness and off to the stone-cutting shop.‡

¶ There found I merry company indeed, with all the five sisters, whom I am told are not all sisters, some coming from Brooklyn town and others from elsewhere, but I much marvelled to find them so little and dayntie that were so large and coarse in the play house. Then did we each select his mayd to be a sister to him, and the musique men playing right merrily did fall to reading a quizzical food card writ by the master of the feast. The wilfullest sister of all, Sophia \* hight, having fallen unto me I did nigh split my sides with laughter of her

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† Karl Bitter, well-known sculptor.

‡ A unique studio and residence combined, built by the sculptor on the crest of the Hudson River palisades.

\* Sophie Barrison, the heroine of a sensational elope-

her naughty quips and pranks, and did design a counterfeit presentment of her pretty arm on my food card, and so lost my head that I must give her a gold ring, with promise of gloves and further entertainment like a vexatious simpleton that I am, for such promises can I nowise keep.

¶ What with good sack, ale, wine, and all manner of drink, we all mighty frolicksome and nothing to stay us, but we must have more of each until all were dancing and leaping merrily with rag, tag, and bobtail, dashing wine everywhere, soyling each the other's shirte.

¶ So very roustering until 4 of the clock, when one taking coach we pell mell after, and so acrossse the water † into towne to help them home, and parted with aking heads, ruesome at so much needlesse expense, and so to bed in a bath-house, but I slept not well by reason of the loud snoring and noise of sweepers.

*Twenty-eighth.*—Up betimes, about six o'clock, waked by a damned noise between a mastiff bitch, a terrier, and a street cat, nobody after I was up being able to tell me what it was. Home for breakfast and did there beg forgiveness of my wife and heard with great sorrow of our mayd Jane leaving my house, after high words. To my room to strip my soyled cloathes and did put on my new camelott suit, made of my cloak, and riding breeches now made into a vest.

¶ In comes my cozen James, and he must have it for me to ride on his new-fashioned machine \* made of two wheels all a-tilt and saddled. Then he sustaining and I bestriding the pesky thing did  
we

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ment and morganatic marriage, subsequently annulled by the German Emperor.

† The Hudson River.

\* Pneumatic-tired, chainless safety bicycle.

## *Pepys's Ghost*

we venture forth on the high road, I sweating over my whole body and pulling forward now this leg, now that, till he with a loud outcry overturned me where the road was most dirty. So vexed I was, that forgetting our kinship I out and called him a fool and like hard names, kicking the traitorous engine with my foot, but he minding not my choler, persuadeth me to mount agayn only to suffer a worser fall. Then became I as one furious mad, for my camelott suit was, all ripped and soyled and my new hatte, bought of Knox, the hatter, dimpled in shamefully with no rewards for my payns but mocks and laughs, so I did sweare an oath to bestride none but horses and soft carriages if God help me out of this adventure.

¶ To my room once more to strip me of my cloathes, my wife very reproachfull, and thence to the Ashland Inn \* to dine with Oliver Herford † the Bishop's ‡ son, and Colonel McClure with Capt. Doubleday § and his brave staff, but came there out of all time too late, the best food having been most eaten. The company, very merry one to another, around the big round table, but I, sad and melancholy, finding nothing to drink but water, untill Master Herford, espying my discomfort, loudly calls for a tankard of good ale and so appeased me. Then was each after another presented unto me by name, only not he that I believed the master of the feast, a kind and stately gentleman, very old, to whom I did all honour

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\* The Ashland House, Lexington Avenue and 24th Street.

† Artist and wit of the town.

‡ The Rev. Dr. Brooke Herford.

§ McClure & Doubleday, a large publishing firm of New York.



## *Pepys's Ghost*

honour. Much fierce talke there was of Spain and her designs upon us, I listening but lightly and not of the same minde, and so called for our reckoning, one striving to pay for the other, all but the kind old man, whom after he up and gone, none by our confession had seen or known before, to the great merriment of all.

¶ To Colonel McClure's barracks,|| very wide and handsome to look upon, and after much praise and pretty speeches did make a foolish promise to tell a new tale of adventure and to have it set in writing, but went away doubtfull, fearing much the issue. So home and to bed after musique from my good wife on her espinnette, making me to think of Polly, and how she did play to us, what time she bid all her lovers come together.

*My Birthday.*—To-day am I entering on my thirtieth yeare, and so lay long in the morning, hugging my bed, with high resolves how I must turn all things to a better accounting. My wife up early, and anon bestoweth upon me a rich gowne for to stay at home in, the skirts wherof fall to mine ankles, warm and cozy withal, and a noble cake, wherefore she did demand toll of twenty-nine kisses, one for each of my yeares, and so we bussed one another right heartily. Going abroad to seek a barber for to trim my beard did venture into the shop of an Italian knave, filling my eares with dinne of the horrid scandal now rife at the Court of Savoy,\* attainting even the King, and mine mouth with soapsuddes.

To

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|| Editorial rooms of McClure's *Magazine* and Syndicate.

\* The marital infelicities of King Humbert's brother.

¶ To the *Players*† on Gramercy Park for my morning draught and there come agayn upon Oliver Hereford, very merry with blasphemous jeasts, yet reproachful that I had not returned him his comick drawings I loaned from him yestereen. Growing both anhungred, to table, meaning to break fast with but bread and cheese, but on bethinking me of my birthday did call for a flagon of rare Burgundy wine, and so were soon joined by my namesake Ned Simmons,‡ the paynter, and Mr. Lathrop,§ the pamphleteer, whom I did ask how about this evill report that his friend Augustin Daly had picked a quarrel with Norman Hapgood,|| for that he had writ dispraise of his good friend Mistress Ada Rehan, all very foolish, but could obtaine little satisfaction from Mr. Lathrop, who doth sweare by his friend Mr. Daly alway. So grew we ever more joyous, with hotte converse of Monsieur Zola, the Frenchman, his troubel anent the court-martialls of two officers charged with spying,\*\* and the spying leach in Vienna,†† who claimeth to know the animal secrets

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† *The Players*, a club founded by the late Edwin Booth, and originally intended for the benefit of actors.

‡ Edward Emerson Simmons, artist and wit.

§ The late George Parsons Lathrop, formerly connected with Daly's Theatre.

|| See previous note. Mr. Daly, objecting to a piece of dramatic criticism written by Mr. Hapgood, in which the latter expressed a preference for Julia Marlowe's *Rosalind* over the *Rosalind* of Ada Rehan, undertook retaliatory measures, thus stirring up a temporary tempest in the teapot of New York journalism.

\*\* The trials of Captain Dreyfus and Major Esterhazy in Paris.

†† Professor Schenck, the professed discoverer of the causes of sex.

## *Pepys's Ghost*

secrets of our different sexe, with ever more bottells of wine.

¶ There heard I a droll yet ruefull tale on Mr. Vanderbilt,\* of whose greate ball soon to be all the town is now agog. Whilst he did travell abroad in France lately, tasting of some truly incomparable Bordeaux wine, the best he ever drank, anywhere in the world, he soon resolved to purchase all the vintage of the valley, many thousand hogsheads of wine, so that none in Christendom should tipples of his wine, but only himself alone and his own guests. Returned hither very gladsome he must needs provide a fitting wine vault upon his new estate, and summoning Dick Hunt,† son of him what built his late fine castel,‡ had him erect him a hollow vault as noble as ever there was, shaming many a church and minster, and when it be all set ready, despatched shippes for to fetch him his wine.

¶ On the first ship's load reaching the city Mr. Vanderbilt yearned for his wine, incontinently, but when it was brought before him it was found to be turned soure from the rude tossing of the waters. Then went forth swift couriers to the master of the vessels in France, enjoyning them to take care how they pack the wine, lest it all be spoyled, and they did so, sealing all with signet wax, but to no avayle, all the wine turning as to vinaigre. Nigh mad with grief the thirsting man did now call for a cunning shippe devised by Sir Bessemer,§ the decks whereof would swing uponne pivottes ever retayning theyr balance, and thereon

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\* George W. Vanderbilt.

† Richard Hunt, architect.

‡ Biltmore.

§ The late inventor of Bessemer steel.

thereon sett high hope, yet all for naught, the good wine agayne turning soure as iffe for spite.

¶ The upshotte of it for Mr. Vanderbilt, a great hollow wine vault, very dexterously carven and a delight to behold, but no wine in it, leastwise not the rare and noble vintage procured by him; whilst the wine lyeth idle in France with none to move it, and no hope but to go thither and for to drink it up all alone, in sooth a pityfull tale, what wrung my heart. Nathless I did rejoyce to think how I was too poor to fall in such follies. So home, late of the night, after supper with the same merry gentlemen, crossing paths with Will Howells || and Dick Gilder,\*\* arm in arm, all unmindful of the strange darkening of the sunne, now duly come to pass, as the learned astrologer hath foretold.††

*February Seventh.*—Lay long in bed, having lately fallen into the habit of carousing late a-nights and swore a solemne oathe to mend me of my ways, untill my wife reminding me of my promise to escort our newly-wed friends to the Frenchmen's Masque,\* I very hastily up and out to find coach and other trappings for the evening. ¶ To the *Black Cat* † and after tasting of some rare old Sack with mine host, the Frenchman, and Madame, his wife, fell to discourse about the  
masque

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|| William Dean Howells, author and novelist.

\*\* Richard Watson Gilder, poet and editor of the *Century Magazine*.

†† Eclipse of the sun observed from eastern hemisphere, January, 1898.

\* The annual *bal masquée* of the *Cercle de l'Harmonie* of New York.

† *Au Chat Noir*, a French restaurant on lower Fifth Avenue, after the pattern of the famous Bohemian resort bearing the same name in Paris.

masque at the great Pavillion † that beareth the golden Diana on its roof for a weather-cock, § and he very civilly offereth to get us all in free of cost through his kinsman, master of ceremonies. I thanking him heartily he accompanieth me forth to the cozen his house in the French Quarter || and found him dwelling over a patten-maker's shop, who styleth himself *sabotier* what is the French for cobbler.

¶ After much harangue and shrugging of shoulders, I feigning to misprehend their French chatter, the cozen very graciously bestoweth upon me a privy box at the show, but warneth me not to bring the womenfolk dismasked.

¶ To the Players on Gramercy Park and there finding Master Bull \*\* and Clinton Ross, †† the scribe, over a stoup or so of Scotch ale and some rare sirloin, did bespeak all the plans of our party and so sallied forth to buy my wife a domino, Venetian eyes, and face powder wherewith more fully to disguise herself, with other curious errands more devious and troublesome than ever I went. Yet forgot I all my paynes and travail to behold my wife so joyfull and beside herself in cotemplation of the evening's sport, and so after a toothsome dinner with a-plenty of wine and mocca drink from Turkey, she to her room to prink herself and I the same after tasting of a pipe of new-fangled Tobacco from the Spanish West Indies. The coach

† Madison Square Garden.

§ Famous bronze figure by St. Gaudens.

|| On the middle West Side of New York, west of Broadway, also known as the Tenderloin district, from a former club of Bohemians.

\*\* Jerome Case Bull, editor of *Munsey's Magazine* and writer of short stories.

†† Novelist.

coach coming to the door before I am fully dressed, with my wife very importunate for a silken whisp, I waxing wroth did first soyle and crumple my fine shift and then burst asunder one of my white gloves and so fell a-cursing, which God forgive, but was appeased on finding the damned whisp tucked away in my new beaver hat, my wife laughing at the matter and assured there be no need of gloves with common wenches for dancers. —

¶ So very merrily to Hieronymus Bull's house, and his handsome wife joining us, to the dance hall very late. Such noise and clamor of voices did I never hear, nor such rudeness of servants, no never, the maids snatching the women's wrappes from them and the men made to pay rich fees for their hattes, nilly willy, and so to our box stall, my wife very pretty for all her masquing and muffing. Much I marvelled to see fine gentlemen stalking about with their hattes on their heads, a rude fashion lately brought from Paris, and likewise passing strange to behold was an overbold wench dressed—as a nun bearing a silver cross on her breast, a sight what gave great offence to many, for all her pretty face and comely dancing, whilst others agayne were vexed to see lurking in a corner the chief constable, captain Chapman, the whilom marplot of a silly roysterers' banquet \* to the great discomfiture of many merry gentlemen. †

¶ But the most curious spectacle by all odds was certain wommen in soldiers' togs † and other army ensigns upon their bodies, who though nowise masquelyns did go about amonge the wildest of  
rag

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\* See previous note concerning Seeley dinner scandal.

† Indictments subsequently found by the grand jury of New York against the Messrs. Seeley and their guests, afterward dismissed as unwarranted.

† Salvation Army lasses.

rag, tag and bobtail enjoining all to fear the Lord and seek salvation. Such a sight have I never seen, no not at an hundred masques, and might have made us all turn from the show, had not Master Bull espied the fair Spanish morena, Seflora Otero,† whom I saw dancing when she was but a poore young maid, but who was now caparisoned in pearles and jewelles for a queen's throat and rich enwrapped in a noble silken mantle and furry collar. Then arose a great outcry because some of the morena's over-merry gentlemen did strive to draw a dancing woman into their seats, uphauling her from the floor, but desisted upon her cries and the menaces from the constables who must needs spoyle all fun and frolick.

¶ Still did we tarry for a quaint morris dance, one playful wench kicking so high that she did kick off all the gentlemen's hattes, and even higher, but wearying eftsoon of such sport betook ourselves to supper with no stint of French wines and drawing of stoppers. There found we many toppers with their damsels, who unrestrayned by any galling constable did freely turn up their pretty heels and loath to walk overfar did slide a-squatting downe the marble steps to the banquet hall, a merry sport indeed that did make us all laugh to shake our sides unmindful of our wommenfolk who would proclaim them tipsy hussies.

¶ For all that a dreary masque, as French masques are wont to be nowadays, and we all glad enough to find our coach and so home to bed, very weary.

*Ninth.*—Lay almost till noon merrily in my bed, whom I hugged, being very sleepy. Up then in trouble at being found abed by all sorts of people, I having got a trick of sitting up later than I need

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† Well-known Spanish dancer, the rival and successor of Carmencita.

need, never supping, yea very seldom, before 12 at night. And did sweare an oathe not to do so agayne, no not further till all mine affairs be set in order. A very foule, windy, and rainy day, so that I did put on my plaine cravatte.

¶ After my morning draft and a chine of beef, which the silly tapster had commended, to my office, mighty busy. Whilst working hard, in comes my cozen Griscomb \* and entreeteth me to go behold the dissenting preacher now discoursing at the Coopers' Hall, † a passing strange sight. ‡

¶ There found I great rabble of many various humours, and heard rare harangue with quaint anthemes, but it was most extraordinary hot, that ever I knew it. The discourse very rude, much ranting and scolding of making it hotter still, unless we sing more louder, which was a fine way of rhetoric to persuade us to the peace of heaven, and I more and more persuaded that such singing with many voices is not singing at all, but only a sort of noise. Whilst the preacher exhorted most angrily, I beheld a handsome wench, with mighty merry eyes and did make signs with mine eyes too, but found her a little colder than meet, me-thought, which did a little molest me and made me to think of Polly whom I likewise did make love to in church, now married many years. Pursing still my mouth in such pleasant fancy, the pretty mayde let fall her kerchief and I hastily rising strived to find it for her, but a rude clout pushing in my way I heard nothing but high and furious words for my paynes, and no thanks from the  
wench

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\* Capt. Lloyd C. Griscom, diplomatic attaché at Court of St. James and Constantinople. See R. H. Davis, *Three Gringos in South America*.

† The Cooper Institute, at the end of the Bowery.

‡ Annual Moody and Sankey revival meeting.



wench. So not esteeming the discourse and loud musique to my taste I up and home to dinner.

¶ Soon my wife and I fell out. I being displeased with her wearing her collar up to her ears almost, out of a belief, but without reason, that it is fashion. Here we did give one another the lie over much, but presently kissed and were good friends.

¶ Then she did tease me to go again to the show of wild men and red savages,§ and I did yield, though I liked not the late dressing, and there met Nap Jennings, the quipster,|| who did boast greatly of his new wonderful tale of his ventures while trooping with the Texas Rangers, but took not much pleasure in the horse play. And so to bed, after late supper, mine oathe of this morning already broken.

*Tenth.*—Lay long to recover our rest agaynst the morrow, my wife and I holding ourselves bound to go fresh to the Masque.\* Then up and to my Taylor to revile the raskall who delighteth in keeping me on the rack for my masking cloathes, but he with much ado blameth his buffle-head of a 'prentice, who at last fetcheth forth my jackanapes coate with silver buttons and ye slasht waste coate made of my sister's green petty coate of flowred satin with fine white and gimp lace, all very brave and fine, with my wigge, cocked hatte, belt and aggate hafted sword yet to come. So to the hairdresser, she wringing her hands and complaining bitterly how the demands for her to come  
to

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§ Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show.

|| Napoleon Augustus Jennings, humorist and poet on the staff of the New York *World*, author of *A Texas Ranger*.

\*The great costume ball given by Mrs. Bradley-Martin in that year.

to so many noble houses all at the same time come nigh breaking her brains, poor wench, yet promiseth after a little while so I had soothed her with softe words, not to fayl us, and so home to fetch the good newes to my fearthsome wife.

¶ After the cloathes be comen home, and my wife had prinked her very pretty in her dress of green watered moyre, like unto that of her grandmother paynted in her father's hall, with powdered hair, and patches, her feete, forsooth, perched high upon her red-heeled pattens, we forth to our coach, I very mindful of my sword, lest the dayntie scabbard be bent or broken between my legges.

¶ So to the house of Sir Downing † and his lady and there sat down to a tablefull of masquelyns, all very diverse and merry, some playing their parts and some not, and among them Ned Couder, the French barrister's son, all black and solemne as a Popish abbot, Mr. William Penn, ‡ and Squire Smalley, § no less solemne, though in gay apparrell. A noble dinner most neatly dressed. We had a fricasee of rabbits and chickens, a legge of mutton boiled, three carps in a dish, a great dish of a side of lambe, a dish of roasted pigeons, a lamprey pye (a most rare morsel), a dish of lobster with anchovies, good wine of several sorts, and all things mighty brave and to our greate contentment, untill the Squire, I knew not be it for jest or to be a marplot, fell to talke

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† First graduate of Harvard College, a follower of Cromwell, then Royalist turncoat, and Lord of the Admiralty in Samuel Pepys's day.

‡ Supervisor, likewise Lord of Admiralty, and superior officer of Samuel Pepys.

§ George W. Smalley, correspondent of the *New York Tribune* and *London Times*.

talke of Doctor Rainsford,|| of St. George's chapel, and his sermon how that gentlefolk should avoyd emulation with masques and froliques in these troublous days when we see no content or satisfaction anywhere in any sort of people, and would have talked more of such tiresome talke, but we all rising to take coach, did leave him to follow in some confusion. Alighting near the great Waldorf hostelry, we out and into the landlord's own dwelling-house and there found all things meet for our coming, but tarried not, but passed thence through a privy passage way to the first upper story of the hostelry there to divest us of our wrappes and cloakes. And I marvelled much to behold so many fine costumes and sweet smelling flowres and posies, yet the serving men and maydes dressed in the grievous garb of these latter days, a spectacle that shamed me into remembrance how we shall be arrayed in like sorry fashion on the morrow.

¶ My wife coming out of one of the dressing chambers, very pretty to behold with her many patches on chin and cheeks, and all Sir Downing's diners assembled we down the wynding steps to the shining ball room, while the lackeys did loudly announce our names and the names of them we portrayed.

¶ There stood Mistress Martin arrayed in black velvet and red brocade an' she had stepped from one of Sir Peter Lely's portraitures with her husband standing by in a quaint costume like unto that of Henri III. the French King. Then did I glut mine eyes on many dazzling dresses of ladies and fine gentlemen, bewildering to behold, and knew but of few what was their guise but did comprehend

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|| The Rev. Dr. Rainsford, rector of the fashionable parish of St. George on Stuyvesant Square in New York.

comprehend at last many familiar figures. So much rich rayment did I never see, no not even at the great masque of ten years ago,\* all wonderfully blended in the greate quadrille d'honneur.

¶ So to supper before I had half beheld all to be seen, my wife flushed pink from dancing; and after a proud noble supper, back to the ball room to see Elisha Dyer,† the courtly dancer, lead the so called German dance, in which were to be seen our Queen of Revels, with Mistresses Fish,‡ De Lanier, Bryce,§ Lispenard Stewart, and Spinster Gerry,|| followed by many Queen Besses, Queens of Scots, with other play Kings and queens, and famous payntings seemingly come to life.

¶ Whilst I stood there, feasting mine eyes on such noble sights, a lady sneezed backward upon me, but after seeing her to be a very pretty lady, I was not troubled at it at all.

¶ So after some more dances with much frolique and jollity, at last away and to bed, but lay long awake discoursing of the many sights of the night and how many noses were thereby put out of joynt, I reckoning the cost thereof to be full hundred thousand pound sterling.

*Twelfth.*—This morning comes a carrier, bearing a letter from Mistress Elia Wheeler Wilcox, telling of her book *Three Women*; she sent me to Monsieur Dumay his office,\* yet not delivered yet

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\* Famous costume ball given at the Vanderbilt mansion in New York.

† Favorite leader of cotillions among New York's Four Hundred.

‡ Daughters of Stuyvesant Fish.

§ Only daughter of Calvin Bryce, senator from Ohio.

|| Daughter of Eldridge Gerry, founder of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

\* Editors' rooms of the *Criterion*, weekly illustrated

yet, which so vexed me that I did tear it all to pieces. Anon coming upon Monsieur Dumay I did reproach him, but he would not bear the blame, and talked so peevish because of the Masquerade late the night before, that I forebore to upbraid him, poor man, for what was not his fault. To Brevoort's Tavern,† beholding many fine sleighes dragged along over the bare stones of the street, nigh splitting mine ears, and there found those merry musick players, Masters Ysaye, Pugno, Sobriño and the lad Gerardy,‡ who did tease me greatly to hear him play to-night, what I promised gladly to do. Monsieur Dumay staying to dispute with Mistress Davidson,§ I home to dinner, and prevayled upon my wife to come with me to the Musick Hall, but having heard all, thought highly indeed of how Anthony Seidl,|| the musick master from Hungary, dealt with Master MacDowell's \*\* newe Indian piece, Monsieur Ysaye declaring loudly that it was a pleasaunce, and I must tell Master MacDowell so when next I see him at the coledge, lest Harry Finck,†† our critical friend, precede him with his incontinent praise of the Hungarian.

● *First Day of the Month.*—To Augustin Daly's play house to see Mistress Reehan play Peggy Thrift in *The Country Girl*, made over by David Garrick

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periodical, in which appeared a series of these Pepys' papers.

† Brevoort House, on lower Fifth Avenue.

‡ Illustrious quartet of musicians, at that time stranded in New York by the rascality of an unscrupulous manager.

§ Publisher of the *Criterion*.

|| Late orchestral leader of New York and Baireuth.

\*\* Henry MacDowell, composer and professor of music at Columbia University.

†† Henry T. Finck, author and musical critic of New York *Evening Post*.

Garrick from Wycherley's *Country Wife*, but liked not the changes, the parts of *Sir Jasper Fidget* and *Pinchwife* in the old comedy being left off, yet still a good play, alltho not so merry as the petite comedy by the French playwright, Monsieur Pailleron, played for a curtain raiser. Jack Barry †† coming from Franklin Square to dine with us, would have my wife go with him to the Italian players on the Bowery-road, for him to write a critical pamphlet thereof; but she would not hear of it, in remembrance of the evill smell and rude yokels in their play house, what time we saw *Rigoletto* or *The King His-Frolick*, so he went his way very rueful.

*Lord's Day (13th).*—Up and abroad, the weather like unto that of a day in April, and met many fine ladies and merry gentlemen arrayed in their best, though the streets be still filthy for all the protestations of Mr. McCartney,\* what took the place of gallant Colonel Waring, the only honest commissioner of streets whatever we had to the lasting discombtire of Major Andrews † now outlawed by his fellow officers.

¶ To the East Side to behold the common people thronging the streets, with many rude jests and loud laughter, and there come upon Jake Riis, § what wrote that book, *How the Other Half Lives*,

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†† See previous note.

\* First Commissioner of Street Cleaning of Greater New York.

† Predecessor of Street Cleaner Commissioner Waring, dropped from membership in the "Loyal Legion" after charges of bribery brought against him during the Lexow investigation of 1894.

§ Jacob A. Riis, police reporter for the *New York Sun*, author of *The Children of the Poor* and of many articles on tenement house life in the *Century Magazine*.

*Lives*, making many soft hearts to weep, but now writeth under the sign of the Sun, and yet is a friend to Dick Gilder,† highly admirable indeed, and was told by him of a new fire on Cherry Hill, in our erstwhile Golden Hill Inn, where was waged a bloody fight over a liberty pole in my great-grand-father's day, his house standing but across the way, was all burned up, and a sad pitty it is we both agreed, and so away, remarking on the many fires of last week in Gouverneur Morton his offices,§ where the pretty scrivener girl was found shot dead || last year, and in Harlaem village, all on one night, and that a night of revels. So came home fearthsome of more fire-deviltry but marvelled on the way to see so many astride of these new fangled wheel-machines, pushing the engines with their feet, swifter than any coach, yet no dignity to them, what with hunching up their back and making a wry face.

*St. Valentine's Day.*—The post boy coming to the door with sundry letters I took them out of his hands and finding them meant for my wife stood by while she broke the seals, lest they come from some saucy gentleman, and she sorely vexed till all being opened none were found to displease me but our butcher his bill, very extravagant, and so was laughed at for my pains, untill I must needs fling out of the house in a mighty rage, yet glad at heart that none came.

¶ To mine office, but mine affairs so distracting that I up and to Polly's house, having lately heard how her husband be gone avoyaging, and glad to find her alone, but she very coy and made feign  
not

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† See previous note (editor of *Century Magazine*).

§ An office building on Nassau Street.

|| Reference to the unexplained death of a young typewriter, found shot through the temple.

not to take my valentine present in good part, yet merry withal in remembrance of former days, when who comes in but my wife, the cunning rogue, with many bitter-sweet wordes to Polly, as women will, and Polly for very spite must display her present, with not a word who was her valentine, until at a losse indeed what to say, I away with my wife, and spake not a word, and so to bed very ruefull at mine own folly, my wife crying out aloud in the midst of the night, how I am a cruell black villain, and I at great pains to soothe her with the promise of a new hatte and to go to the play on the morrow.

*Fifteenth.*—A sorry breakfast with not a smile from my wife for all my brave talk and quippes, making me feel a fool indeed and at fault, and so to mine office very busy with affairs of all kindes. Yet bethought me to fetch some flowers home to dinner, my wife, poor wretch, still sorrowfull, but pricked up her ears to hear me prate of newe cloathes for us all, and so to the play house to see Helen Modjeska do Lady Macbeth, which though I have often seen is yet one of the best plays for the stage, and it did my heart good to hear her say “out damned spot” in her quaint foreign speech that becomes her tongue so well. Anon my wife falls to blenching and to tremble at the fierce talk of the witch-hags, and so came away ere the play was out, to sup at the Astoria hostelry with many fine gentle folk and were again of good cheer.

*Sixteenth.*—On this day did news reach here of the horrid disaster that did befall our good ship the *Maine*, as gallant a man-o'-war as ever sailed the Spanish seas, now sunk and rent asunder in Havana harbor, with her crewe all dead. But the officers were saved, having been called on shore all save Captain Sigsbee writing in his cabin until the ship went down. 'Twas



¶ 'Twas indeed a hellish plot of the Spaniard, as all are agreed, and if it be proven we must never rest untill we drive the accursed Spaniards from the Antilles and all the Spanish main.

¶ In the afternoon met Dr. Seth Low, and entered into deep talk with him anent this our great calamity, he counselling moderaçion, but I resolved in my heart to draw mine own sword to help avenge their bloody villainy, should ever the time come. So to bed, my heart full of war, but with never a word to my poor dear wife.

*Nineteenth.*—To Morningside hill to see the Board of the Teachers Coledge welcome Doctor Low,\* the head-master of the university, to their coledge, and there met many dons and old coledge friends glad to see me established in mine new estate,† and full of praise at such ample halls and worthy pictures adorning the walls on all sides, most of all at the noble chapell‡ with richly paynted windows and designs wrought of gold, and organ pipes wonderful to behold but better yet to hear. In sooth a chapell worthy of a bishop or Pope's cardinal. In the evening did hear my friend Master Kneisel, and Rafael Joseffi, the deffest player left us since the Pollack musician§ be gone away, make sweet musick in the white and gold hall of the music guild,|| the best that ever I heard or hope to hear Master Haydn his quartetto played,

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\* Reception given to Seth Low, President of Columbia University, upon the incorporation of Teachers' College in the University.

† The diarist's appointment to the college secretaryship.

‡ Milbank Memorial Chapel, newly added to the college.

§ Ignace Paderewski.

|| Mendelssohn Glee Club Hall.

played, my wife highly edified by Joseffi his playing, but the fiddle better to my liking.

*Lord's Day.*—Lay long in bed intent upon strange noises from the River, my wife wondering what they meant and fearthsome lest a shippe be sinking, but learned later that it was because of thick fogges brewed by the horrid fall of rain what despoiled our clothes late last night. Up, and found the weather turned fair indeed, like a day in Aprill, but exceeding high winds, playing the rogue with good women on their way to church, but we instead to the Paynters' Guild \* for to hear my friend Master Kneisel play his fiddle to an horn and clavicymbal, as sweete musick as ever I heard, and a rare fiddle too, built by Signor Stradivari in Cremona, so he proudly tells us.

*Monday.*—Up and to mine office, with sundry riddles to vex me, untill bethinking me of how we were bidden to the Old Guards' ball in their newe arsenal.† I hastened home, my wife, poor wretch, all ready as fine as possible, with my cloathes layed upon the bed, very dexterous. So to dinner and then took coach to the arsenal, but learned they were in the opera house,‡ and it was indeed a glorious sight to see so many rich trappings with accoutrements of gold on white, but I sad at heart to be attired in sombre black, and therefore fetched my wife away, she complayning sorely of her newe pattens.

*Tuesday.*—To Daly's playhouse to see Mistress Rehan act *Viola* in Shakespeare's comedy of *Twelfth Night*, George Clarke playing *Malvolio* better far than he did Sir Falstaff in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*

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\* American Art League, West 57th Street.

† Ball given in honor of opening of new armory for the "Old Guard."

‡ Metropolitan Opera House.

*Windsor* last week, yet not what he is cried up to be. A jolly comedy withal, pleasing me better than Mr. Congreve's *Love for Love*, what I saw played the other night by Monsieur Du Pont's players. There saw I Barrett Wendell his brother Jack,§ a merry gentleman, that can hold his own part as *Sir Andrew Aguecheek*, as brave as any play actor, and Mr. Towse,|| the gazeteer, full of talke on Mr. Lehman, our rowing master from Oxford,\* and vaunting his own strokes with the oar when he was a young blade at Cambridge Coledge.

*Wednesday*.—Spent all day at the office; a peevish time.

*Thursday*.—To Harlaem, and there saw *The English Princess, or Richard the Third*, at the village play house;† a most sad, melancholy play, Dick Mansfield‡ taking the part of the hunchback king, pretty good, but not eminent in it. I glad enough to shift next door to see Pauline Hall dance a jig at the end of the play.

*Friday*.—My wife having dressed herself in a silly dress with a long gown and white smock underneath, and a hat with feathers above, for to ride her velocipede, though I think she did it because her riding dress be gone to the tailor's, did, together with my being hungry, which always teazes me, make me horrid angry, till at length I forgot all. Then took coach to the Coledge, on Morningside

§ See previous note.

|| Dramatic critic for New York *Evening Post*.

\* English amateur coach of Harvard 'varsity crews in 1897 and 1898.

† The Harlem Opera House on West 125th Street.

‡ Richard Mansfield, actor and author.

ingside hill, § there to hear Harry James || his brother Will,\* discourse learnedly on the Gospell of Relaxacion, a lively sermon, full of pleasaunce, and I very glad to see him agayne, and asked after his brother and what romancing tales he had lately writ, likewise after his kind wife, what held me in her arms when I was but a small child. So endeth the week, thank God, in good season.

*Tenth.*—This morning, we living lately in the guest chamber, I rose, put on my coat with great skirts, having long not worn the same, and with my beaver went forth, though the high wind distressed me greatly. Then I went to Temple Court and borrowed ten shillings of my brother George for my own use; for these two or three days I have been troubled with thoughts how to get money to pay them that I have borrowed money of, by reason of my own money having been all spent. We took our morning draft at Master Lipton's tap room, † he and I, and fell to discourse of the great foolishness of our three brothers, who took sides with the vain Pretender of the West Country. ‡ Then I went to my brother George's barber, under the Temple Court, and was trimmed by him. At my office I found my boy Thomas, who told me that two gentlemen had come and vexed him sorely by asking of their money, but I made light of it, and, giving him a shilling

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§ Columbia University.

|| Henry James, novelist.

\* William James, professor of psychology at Harvard University.

† The "Times Café" at the end of Newspaper Row, down-town restaurant most frequented by writers and artists.

‡ William J. Bryan, candidate for the Presidency.

shilling for his pains, dispatched him forthwith to the hatter's to bring him my beaver that had been near spoilt by drippings from the eaves. Whilst I waited for his coming, in comes Master Munkit-trick,§ the merry scribe, and entreateth me to return to the Elm to eat and drink with him, but alas I could not go forth bareheaded. So he went forth very wroth, because of my telling him how some blunderers are wont to dub him monkey-trick.

¶ With my beaver, all hot from the iron, comes my wife to buy her a pair of new pattens and a whip, so we took coach to the old shop, and thence to the Waldorf to see her friend, Mistress Harcourt Bull, make musique in the white room of the Inn, and there heard her play the new heroic piece of Master McDowell, || truly apt beyond imagination. The end coming too late to allow of us to see the fine horses of the town at the great show, we again took coach to the house of our friend, Mr. Steffens,\* who came forth to meet us with a link in his hand, and Mistress Steffens and my wife made merry over his late tale in the Chap-Book, yet said he ruefully he had received not enough for his pains. After drinking some strange and incomparable claret we all went to the Play-House together to behold the new Irish opera, *Brian Boru*, writ by Edwards and Stange, and I was much pleased by one of the silly love songs and must play it soon on my flageolet, but heard not the rest because of laughing incontinently over a droll gentleman with binocles, who having left his lady, sat down beside my wife and began to discourse, thinking her his own lady.

While

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§ R. K. Munkittrick, poet and humorist.

|| MacDowell's *Eroica*.

\* Lincoln J. Steffens, city editor of the *Commercial Advertiser*, and writer of short stories.

¶ While yet laughing I perceived his honor, the Recorder,† and went forward to where he sat over the pit, thus to pay my respects. He was pleased to receive me most graciously, having spoken to me but briefly the last time he held court, and asked me eagerly what was become of an daily pamphlet, named THE TATLER.‡ I edified him very fully, whereon he with much marvel spoke of the nimble body of Amelia Summerville, § the singer, whom he remembered to have known so exceeding plump and stout, and shrewdly said that it was all the cause of physic and repeated wedlock. I left him still at the play, and the cold biting less sharp, my wife and I did walk to Delmonico his tavern to eat of a roast fowl with French bubble-wine, she on the way complaining with pain of new pattens, and I vexed to go so slow. And so to bed.

*Lord's Day.*—Lay long hugging my bed, unmindful of an horrid dinne made by the new wench in our house a-wringing of a wake-up bell, albeit my wife arose and bid her beware lest I grow angered. Up and bethought me of a mirthsome letter, writ by George Carpenter,|| a don at the colledge on Morningside Hill, what he meant for his friend, Jack Pine,\* the clerk of the coledge Board, fallen by error into my hands, highly puzzling indeed,

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† James W. Goff.

‡ A daily newspaper, devoted to literature and art, which perished after a meteoric career of thirteen issues. In it appeared thirteen of these Pepys papers.

§ Prima donna of this opera company.

|| George R. Carpenter, professor of rhetoric at Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Columbia University.

\* John D. Pine, Secretary of Board of Trustees of Columbia University.

deed, and I answering him in querisome manner my letter must needs fall into the hands of Will Carpenter,† another don at the coledge, a very comedy of errors, like unto that one of our playwrights. So we resolved to dine together, and meeting at the Players' Guild in Gramercy Square, did make merry over the matter. Mr. Robertson, a pamphleteer just arrived from over seas, joining our jocund company with high talk of Master Zangwill,‡ Felix Adler,§ the lay preacher, and Colonel Ingersoll,|| his blasphemies, very edifying, until Jack Corbin,\* the scribe, comes in from Franklin Square, in a frocke coat with great skirtes, silken lined inside with a puff cravatte, very lavish, shaming me so in mine office clothes, that I feigned to be wearied, the talke turning on how poor a thing is Will Shakespeare his Hamlet and other tragick plays, and came away vexed.

*Monday.*— To the Avenue Theatre to see Helen Modjeska play Mary, Queen of Scots, a new part and very becoming, the Pollack brogue of her tongue no blemish but indeed lifelike, for it was remarked how that poor queen could never learn how to speak like an English woman, nor Scottish woman neither, so trained was she in the ways of the French and Popery.

*Wednesday.*— Homeward bound and meaning to tarry nowhere, I nigh passed by the door of the late Monsieur Bial,†† his musick hall, but hearing  
sounds

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† William E. Carpenter, professor of Columbia University.

‡ Author of *Children of the Ghetto*, and other stories of Hebrew life.

§ President of Society for Ethical Culture.

|| Robert G. Ingersoll, noted lawyer and infidel.

\* See previous note.

†† Koster and Bial's Music Hall.

sounds within, I did enter for all my pious broken oaths, and there beheld Remenyi, † the Hungarian fiddler, who did once travell and play with Master Brahms, § lately come to his death, the first time I have heard him play since the day he made the benches and barristers weep in the General Assizes what time he designed to prove that the Duke of Cambridge his stolen fiddle, built by Master Stradivari of Cremona, was but cheap stuff, yet could not save his friend the fiddle maker on Union Square from being convicted a thief, albeit he walks the streets a free man to the great shame and contempt of our Law and Courts of Justice. ||

*Friday.*—To the opera, my wife and I, she wearing her dancing smock and necklace about her bare neck, but I, alas, in black broad cloth only for my waist coat of silk and white linen shirt, and heard *Doctor Faustus* sung in Italian,\* but grew exceedingly weary of how it was done, and coming forth did debate whither to turn, my wife eager to go to the Astoria hostelry, there to dance for to help the poor, but I longing to go to the great Spanish Garden, to behold the masquelyns of the Singers' Guild, † and so took coach to either, one after another, and a marvellous sight indeed to see the masque Arion and his antick henchmen, with rag, tag and bob tail, till early in the morning, and we still supping by daylight with Carl Hauser, †† the master of the revels, a frolicksome merry man indeed, with great store of quips and jestes, as be-

came

† Eduard Remenyi.

§ Johannes Brahms.

|| See previous note on famous Stradivarius trial.

\* Gounod's *Faust*.

† Arion Club.

†† Former editor of *Puck*, and popular German humorist.



came his office. A costly night it was, God forgive our folly, so I must forswear to see the Moors walk their best steps for the prize of a cake, on this, their hollyday to-morrow. §

*First Day of March.*—The newe month coming in not like unto a lion, but as a very lamb indeed, maketh me fear for the issue lest the end likewise be changed out of its proper course, but my wife rejoiceth the more, hoping to wear her Easter day cloathes before the coming of that holiday.

¶ So, having prinked herself in her newe hat and silken frock, and I wearing my glossy beaver and lacquered shoen, we to the free stage || in the Berkeley School across the way from the new Guild hall of our Benchers and Barristers \* to see the Criterion players give *Ye Greate Galahault*, † or *the Tongue of Slander*, a tragick piece lately turned from the Spanish into English wordes by Mistress Banks, ‡ herself playing Donna Cristina, an honest woman willy-nilly made dishonest by the prating tongue of the town, and I glad to see the poor wretch in her lover's arms at last, well rid of her foolish husband who drawing sword to avenge his honor lost it all the more and life to boot. Truly an ingrate part for any play actor but above all for Eben Plympton what did it, tho it be to his best ability, John Blair, as the lover, outshining him in all points, and looking for all the world like Mr. Carteret, †† the pamphleteer that writheth under the Sign of the Setting Sun together with

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§ Annual cake walk in Madison Square Garden on the night of Lincoln's birthday.

|| The Independent Theatre.

\* Club house of New York Law Association.

† *El Gran Galeotto*, by Echegaray.

‡ Maude Banks.

†† Reporter for New York *Evening Sun*.

with Acton Davies,|| the play-going scribe, whom we found sitting in the pit, very nigh unto us giving little heed to those about him, least of all to Mr. Barry, the author now likewise become a play-going scribe for the book printers of Franklin Square, though he was erstwhile his friend, but now sat close to him and feigned to know him not.\* Anon came in Master Coward,† a gentle spoken scribe indeed, and I showing him his antick protraiture printed in the play bill from a squib lately drawn by Monsieur Fornaro,‡ he becomes very merry and with wry laughter vaunteth him on his new fame, likening it to that of some great rogue clapped into the stocks.

*Eighth.*—To Chelsea Square to Dick Hovey § his house, what writheth vagrant songs but is now become a sonneteer forsooth,\*\* and found him dwelling with his wife in a cozy small house looking out upon the minster and great Cleric Colledge, where he did once study for orders, before his heart was turned to writing of songs and such like gawds. Not knowing whither to turn for a good meal in that part of town, we bethought us of an Italian tavern near Gramercy Square, erstwhile known as that of Roversi, but now fallen into decay, yet resolved we to go there because of a merry roystering song there composed by our poet

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|| Dramatic editor of New York *Evening Sun*.

\*Allusion to a journalistic unpleasantness growing out of an unfavorable review of one of John D. Barry's books.

† Dramatic editor of New York *World*.

‡ Cartoonist for New York *Herald*.

§ Richard Hovey, poet and author of *Songs of Vagabondia* and *Round Table* plays.

\*\* Allusion to series of love sonnets published in the *Century Magazine*.

poet to his friend, of the which I remember but this part, having sung it all once a time we were in our cups :

Barney McGee, Barney McGee,  
You who were always the one to befriend a man,  
You who were always the first to defend a man,  
You who had always the money to lend a man,  
Down on his luck, and hard up for a V.

¶ So to Roversi's tavern, but found it much changed, for the worse, yet dined in good spirits with high talke of war with the Spaniard and of his villainy. I calling for a bottle of *Lachrymæ Christi*, that curious foaming wine what deriveth its heat from the hidden fires of a volcano-mountain, and anon for another bottle, when deeming us to be silly with drink they did bring us more than was called for, and so arose angry wordes with the hostess she yielding not and I not, no not one bit, untill I telling her in the Italian tongue that I was but a poor man not having so much money with me, she turneth tauntingly upon Dick Hovey, the minstrel of the place, but he did confess most ruefully that he had but a few pence, whereon she became highly enangered and feigned to call aloud for the constable his officers, so I paid down a part of her price, tho it was indeed a cheat, and commanding the scullion to come with us, suffered him to walk along with us to Dick Hovey his house, I dwelling too afar, and there made some shift to satisfy the landlord's debt, to my great shame and lasting grudge agaynst all Italians.

*March Twelfth.*—To the wommen their new study hall, hight Barnard Coledge \* after the late don

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\* Public opening of new Barnard College buildings, on the Boulevard and 119th Street.

don of the University,† and found it standing strong and fair on Morning-side hill in the very spot where was fought the great battelle of Harlaem Plains, as yet to be seen in the highly remarkable bronze portraiture of Major Knowles so cunningly wrought in the outer wall of the University.‡ There met we a great thronge of folk, come from near bye and from afar in carriages, on two wheeler machines and afoot, arrayed in fine garments, least wise the wommen, and I glad to be in my long frock coate with skirts and my beaver hat newly ironed, with my wife wearing her flounced silk skirte only made to-day.

¶ So in by the greate court with bows and courtesies on all sides, under the stone escutcheons of ye old King's Coledge, and so came under a noble yellow lanthorn, round and big like the moon, highly marvellous to behold and a costly gawd indeed. Then paid we our respects to the Deaconess of the coledge,§ a sweet faced and pleasant spoken gentle woman, richly dressed in a gown of gray moyre silke, with great bunches of little field violets fastened on her breast and in her girdle, and passed thence to the great council room of the Board, very stately with paynted effigies of erstwhile dons uponne the walls, I highly edified, untill my wife shewing me the dust gather upon the round table and chairs made of ye polished wood of the red mahogany tree, I grew to think less of it all, and so pushed onward to the musick hall, and found it a droll toy of a play house, with good cheer set out upon the tables and young gentle-wommen in cap

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† A. P. Barnard, late president of Columbia University.

‡ Bronze memorial tablet placed there by the "Sons of the Revolution."

§ Emily James Smith, dean of Barnard College.

cap and gown ready to guide the way. There beheld I Mr. Austen G. Fox, the cunning barrister that strived to convict those false officers of the constabulary brought to trial in our last court of Oyer and Terminer by Recorder Goff and the Reverend Doctor Parkhurst,|| and so shook hands unmindful of our quarrell what time he spoke too freely at our coledge banquet. My wife deep in talke with him, some one plucks me by the sleeve and I turning about God forgive me, am overjoyed to behold Polly standing close unto me, her silly husband with her, but scarce had he greeted me, she, cunning rogue, makes shift to ask him to fetch her some cakes, and so we two stood alone together, and I glad in my heart to have it so, untill he coming back must needs accost my wife, and so spoyled all, my wife none too courteous to Polly making the naughty witch to laugh to the high anger of my wife, and shall hear more of this anon, I wot.

¶ Coming from the coledge it was curious to see the little hamlets of the free tenants or squatter people, with goats, swine and fowl running to and fro within the yard built up close beside the great fence of the university wrought of iron and stone posts, each one of them as high as their most high roof tree whereon I did moralize to my wife how it be pretty to see high and low dwell so nigh one unto another, but she heard me not out, but dubbed me cruell villain and other unseemly words.

*Lord's Day [20th].*—A wet, stormy day, soyl-  
ing the streets more than ever this sen'night, so  
lay

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|| Criminal trials of police officers, charged with black-mail and bribery, following upon the revelations made during the sessions of the so-called Lexow Committee, in 1894. Mentioned in previous note.

lay long in bed glad of my warm shelter. Anon comes my friend Mr. Inglis, the merry scribe who writheth under the sign of the Globe \* and was so warm a friend to Anthony Hope,† what time he dwelt amidst us, to fetch me with him to board the Spaniard || that lately came into our Harbor. So to the Battery and there telling of our names and errand were taken into the cabin of a custom's cutter, and so sailed out into the Bay, sea spray and mist flying all about us, the skipper mixing us a good stiff grog, with loud and angry talke of War with Spain because of the sad sinking of the *Maine*, our newe man-of-war, with nigh all her crewe in the Antilles.‡

¶ Master Inglis he setteth down all these rash wordes for Gospell truth for to print them in his gazette, which pretends to be in high heat for War, laughing the while sidewise at me, but I in great distress and agony by reason of our so tumbling about and pitching back and forth, untill, the smelle of the rum sickening me more than I could bear, I up to the deck and was there overwhelmed by an incontinent rude wave what left me all wet and dripping to the lasting disparagement of my cloathes. Coming in sight of the Spaniard, a trim, gallant ship bearing the name of Vizcaya, meaning the Bay of Biscay, upon her bow, garnished with a fierce fighting ram, I hailed her in a feeble voice, the others coming to mine aid, and so brought up alongside and were courteously admitted to her main deck, the Captain, Señor Eulate, believing Mr. Inglis to be a Spaniard, because of his swarthy mien, untill he heard his name and foreign speech.

So

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\* Special writer for New York *Herald* and *World*.

† Author of *Prisoner of Zenda*, *Rupert of Hentzau*, etc.

‡ February 15, 1898.

|| *La Vizcaya*.

So chatted with the officers and crewe for a while and I very glad to have some knowledge of the Spanish tongue, but found them proud and haughty, as it is their wont, yet ready to deplore our late misadventure in their waters, protesting it to be an act of God, and in no wise their fault, and so came away, Mr. Inglis writing them down as defiant and highly provoking, thereafter duly set forth in his gazette.

*Monday [21st].*—My throate swelled up because of the raw salt water blowing into my gullet yestere'en, I went not near mine office, drinking warm gruel and like noisome physick. After dinner, mine condicion improving, we to a merry masque on Morningside hill, § all there arrayed in antick gowns and robes with powdered peri wigs, my wife wearing a quaint flowered smocke of East Indy muslin, bequeathed her by my grandame, and I in a wig fit to make a cleric laugh, and so whiled away the time with dancing and musick, very joyfull, untill I, bethinking me of the solemne banquet held in honor of my coledge and Mr. John Harvard, || Sir Downing, his dominie,\* hied me home to disrobe and thence to Delmonico's Tavern, feasting there and giving ear to mighty discourse untill late of the night, awilst the wassail cup went the rounds.

*Twenty-second.*—Another holyday and I highly contented thereat, mine head nigh splitting from the carouse of the night before. To Polly's house, her husband still tarrying abroad, and did perswade her

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§ Reception of Lady Washington in College Hall of Columbia University.

|| Annual dinner of Harvard Club of New York.

\* Presumptive pastoral relations between John Harvard, preacher, and George R. Downing, as quondam theological student at Cambridge, Mass.

her to come along to a bench and kennel show of all manner of dogges and hounds in the Spanish garden,† but the noise and barks of their yelps so distracting that we went out into the street, and to Daly his playhouse once more to see Mistress Rehan in the *Country Wife*, a droll play I grow not tired of, making Polly to laugh so loudly where the country jade runneth about in boy's breeches, to the great discomfiture of the country lout her husband, that those sitting nigh us turned to look, and lo, there was Harry Finck, the critickel scribe who writheth under the sign of the Post boy,‡ with his wife, come to hear the musick farce played for a curtain raiser and lingering to see Rehan play, full of strange praises for her cunning ways. They entreat me to send to their house for my black gauntles, left there by me more than a twelve month since, with not a curious word about Polly, highly forbearing insooth.

*Twenty-fifth.*— To the house of Recorder Goff, to render unto him a report on our poor sailor's children I wrote early in the year and promised to bring him, and was struck dumb with admiration of his rich library and a noble harp standing upright betwixt all his bookes. Shortly he comes in, greeting me with such pleasant wordes as of old, when he was but a poor barrister, pleading his briefs in the Assizes, and so fell to talke on one matter and another; lastly of the sailor men on Staten Island and their poor lot, for all the riches lavished upon their spittel, and of Governor Delehanty,§ his new rule highly edifying. When this  
brave

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† Annual exhibition of prize dogs in Madison Square Garden. ‡ New York *Evening Post*.

§ Lieutenant-Commander Dennis H. Delehanty, inventor of self-opening scows and governor of Sailors' Snug Harbor on Staten Island.



brave Captain was called to the spittel, so it was told me by a sailor man, I telling it again to Mr. Goff, he would not have it to eat better food than his men, but beholding dainties and rare wines set aside for him, cried aloud, *We be all sailors here at one messe*, and so had all made equal between them to his everlasting praise as a gallant officer and sailor man. So leaving my report in the Recorder's hands, I homeward to a good leg of lamb.

*First day of April.*—Dining with Oliver Heitford at the Players' Guild, on Gramercy Park, we, after that he had vented his wrath on a critical fellow || what lately thrice miswrote his name while writing praise of his drawings, up and to the publick sale of the late Will Stewart, his collection of payntings, and there were amazed with admiration at the prices fetched by Monsieur Fortuny's pictures, amongst them that incomparable portrayal of the naked modellwoman on show before some quizzical gentlemen, very finely paynted indeed,\* likewise some rare landskippes by the Signor Boldini, Italian master, whom I believed to paynt none but portraitures, and saw there sold under the hammer most estimable master pieces of Corot, Madrazo, Zamacois, Gérôme, and Master Meissonier, himself depicted with crooked riding legs,† many rich gentlemen and noble ladies bidding for them all, and sighing to see them sold to others, until Master Herford must needs cry aloud his bids for some comick drawings of Monsieur Gavarni and Le Comte de Noé, what signed himself *Cham*, so I drew him aside affrighted lest he commit himself above his purse, and thus went our way, mine own mouth watering for Anthony Romako's portrayal  
of

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|| Sadakichi Hartman, Japanese-German art critic.

\* Fortuny's masterpiece, "The Model."

† Meissonier's portrait of himself.

## *Pepys's Ghost*

of a hunting lady with an arquebuse, as fair as ever I saw, or Tadema the Dutchman's paynting of an antick stone bench, for all the world like true living marble, a most cunning trick. Stepping forth into the street, lo there lay a handsome bill of money, and so stooped to take it up, but found it only a mean April fool's jeast. Alas that I be so poor.

*Second.*—To the Spanish Garden to see ye troopers and cadets from West Point and our Squadron Barracks drill with their swordes and carabinos, with many brave deeds of horsemanship and valor, what made me to long for a lunge at the Spaniard; nathless our quarrell with him, if cause for quarrell there be, must needs be settled on the high seas, against his new Armada, else will he ever more hold the Antilles, and be a sharp thorne in our side. So came away from the soldiers their tourney full of high resolves, and thence to Chelsea Square to hear Dick Hovey read me his latest romaunt, *The Birth of Sir Galabad*, and likewise heard his newest sonnett, full of fight and joy of strife, a noble sonnett indeed, with these two lines best to my liking:

“Better by far to founder in the fight  
Than fail to share the glory of the fray.”

¶ What with such lofty talke of poetry, and war, I did nigh forget to render unto him his half crown, proffered me as a loan, what time I could not pay the high cost of our wine at Roversi's Tavern last month.

*Third.*—After a dull day at mine office to Augustin Daly his play house to see Mistress Rehan play *Lady Teazle* in Mr. Richard Sheridan's comedy, *The School for Scandal*, a sprightsome piece indeed since the day it was first played in Drury-Lane. In sooth more oft I see this play  
more

more do I like it, nor grow weary of hearing Sir Harry Bumper sing that roystering song:

*"Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen;  
Here's to the widow of fifty."*

¶ Mistress Rehan this evening thought to better her part by the playing of a real Italian spinetto fetched in to her from the lobby, with great ado, but me thought it could have been spared, and yet the play been no less comely.

*Fourth.*—Lay long in bed after a weary night, my wife, poor wretch, arousing me many times with questions what of Polly, till I striving to appease her did promise for us to go this day to see Maude Adams play the Scottish lassie and gentlewoman for the two hundredth fold time in Mr. Barrie his new piece at Garrick's play-house,† and so went to sleep at last, she ill-appeased, in sooth, yet glad to come and fetch home with her a pretty bauble for a keep sake.

*April Fifth.*—Our Commissioners sent to the Antilles to pry into what did befall our good ship *Maine* that so suddainly blew up in the harbour of La Habana, after most diligent search and divers dyving under the sea have found that she was scuttled from without, but forbear to blame any one for it. This is forsooth a hellish plot, and so God help may be avenged by us anon.

¶ There is no way out of it but I must prepare myself for War, tho there be some of our State councillors that still think to avert what all men see to be coming to a certayn head. So, after making some settlements uponne my poor Wife, I to Seth Low, his office, and so abdicate mine office as secretary of the Teachers' Coledge. It made my hearte sad, but was greatly releaved by

Dr. Low

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† *The Little Minister.*

Dr. Low his promise, to have my full stipend paid unto me until the very end of the Academick calendar, a truly noble offer indeed. So parted, with many kind wordes from him, proving him a friend and benefactor to me that I will surely not forget, no never, and came upon Ned Woodberry § in the coledge yard, with Harry Taylor,|| his fellow don. All three to ye Coledge Tavern, and did there tell them of mine abdication over a stoup of ale and hearty chops of mutton, to theyr great admiration and curiosity.

¶ Quoth Master Woodberry, thinking to jest — *An wilt Thou take service as a Soldier, Madcap?* — but was plainly astonied that I swore by Heaven I would, and so forebore to teaze me. Thence hot foot to ye officers of the Muster Rolls \* to take service agaynst the Spaniard. They did strip me of all mine cloathes and made me to hop and skip this way and that way on one foot, all going well untill the chirurgickal officer † must needs hold up playing cards for me to tell from afar, which I could no wise do. In the end when I did proclaim the Knave of Spades as our Ladye of Clubbes, he did crye out waxing wroth that I be blind like unto a batte and unfit for soldiers' service, nor would listen to mine excuses, and so drew on my cloathes and came away, sore puzzled how to carry mine end.

*April 6th.*—Up and to Bart Arkell ‡ his office \*\*  
where

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§ Prof. George E. Woodberry, see previous note.

|| Henry Taylor, historian and lecturer on Mediæval Literature.

\* Army Enlistment Bureau on the Bowery.

† Dr. Poindexter, Surgeon, U.S.A.

‡ Manager of the Arkell Publishing Company.

\*\* The Judge Building on lower Fifth Avenue, New York.

where he doth print his Gazette || and Comickal Cartoons \* and telling him of mine abdication of yestereen and cruel slight put upon me by the officer of the muster rolls, do entreat him to despatch me to South ward. For go I must, if not as a Soldier sobeit as a Gazeteer of War. Then did he confess to me how he hath all but concluded contracts with Mr. Schell, the ship paynter,† to let him proceed South ward there to draw portraits of our fleet gathering at Key West. Whereupon I made mighty argument how a Gazette can no wise subsist on pictures alone, but must have a gazeteer to accompany the artist for to explain in written wordes that which t'other hath drawn with his brush. Thus was he persuaded to summon to his side his elder brother,‡ what had his face scarred out of all countenance the time he did save his sister from their burning house, and likewise Mr. Sleicher,§ his head gazeteer, that hath took the place of Jno. Gilmer Speed, the merry scribe, and so after much earnest talke, did agree among ourselves at last, unmindful of Mr. Sleicher's remonstrations, that I should set out on the same journey with Mr. Schell, him to await my coming this very day at the Broadstreet Roadhouse in Quakerstown. Then did Mr. Arkell draw a bill in my favor for \$500, to be divided betwixt Mr. Schell and myself, and so away with Bart his brother to printing house square to ask leave of Mr. Hearst,\*\* what printeth

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|| *Frank Leslie's Weekly.*

\* *Judge.*

† Frank Cresson Schell, marine artist.

‡ W. J. Arkell, president of the Arkell Publishing Company.

§ Editor of *Leslie's Weekly.*

\*\* W. J. Hearst, publisher of the *New York Journal* and *San Francisco Examiner.*

printeth Ye Journall, to go on board his Despatch boat *Bucaneer*. Not finding him in his office I would fain seek out mine old friend *Señor Carvalho*,\* brother to him that doth tell false scriveners from true,† and finding him at his writing table did present the two to one another and was mighty glad in my heart to hear them agree betwixt themselves to let us twain take six weeks' passage on the Despatch boat for but \$300 apiece, or \$600 untill the War should end. Whilst we sat thus talking *Mr. Carvalho* complained sadly how that his Master *Mr. Hearst* had lost his wager for \$5,000 that War should be declared this selfsame week, but *Mr. Arkell* strived to comfort him saying how that mighty sums of money might be won on 'change if I would contrive to despatch early secret news of the first battle of our ships at sea, and how that they could use their private knowledge for gain if they would but agree to withhold it from the publick and readers of their gazettes. 'Twas a sorry plot, methought, and so I said privily to *Bart Arkell*, when we withdrew for a farewell draft, but he passed it over for a jeast and so parted, he to send word to Master *Schell* of my coming, and I to my poor wife to break the news to her.

*April 7th.*—Up at cock's crow my wife and children still abed to despatch with speed for *Quakerstown*. Whilst eating a cold hasty pudding kept for me overnight was aggrieved to hear mine host what carries a blunderbuss with the yeomen of the *Seventy-first* boast how his Colonel had absolved him with others that had taken wives to themselves, and so forebore to tell him of mine errand. In sooth mine ears were still afire with  
yesternight's

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\* Business manager of *New York Journal*.

† Expert specialist for handwritings.

## *Pepys's Ghost*

yesternight's mad entreaties of my wife who would discountenance all warres let our enemy taunt us as he will, and did mourn over my poor fatherless children which I left unkissed fearthsome lest I arouse them from their little beds and so wreak new havoc in my wife's sorrow. So out into the cold morning, the town links still alight and no noises of loud traffic and taking boat for Jersey was there met by my brother George, whom I did send a message to for to take farewell, and so kissed and parted he stepping from the coach but after it was underway. A prettie landskip verily to behold so much snow through the coach pane and the trees standing bare and black, but made me mighty weary and so fell asleep nor woke not till the porter drew me forth at the relay house.† There came a man forward the whom at first I did believe to be mine eldest brother Harry come from his wife's free hold in Germantown, but greeting me by name found him to be Master Schell a kindly frankspoken man who grips me by my hand and thus were good friends forthwith. Under the coach shed stood his good wife, amid quaint painters' tools and equippage, wistfullike and affrighted till I speaking kindly to her did comfort the poor woman by my vow to take good care of her husband, an idle promise methought for which God forgive me.

¶ Thence to coach again greatly encumbered by so much travail gear untill growing both of us an-hungered from our early fast we gladly sate us down to our first post dinner and becoming merry withal despatched a toast to our patrons that sent us.

¶ Alight in Washington he to some tailors to buy him a great rain coat but found not what he wanted  
the

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† Germantown Junction.

## Pepys's Ghost

the whilst I in great haste to the Army and Navy Building there to make supplication for letters that would pass us twain through our lines of soldiery and on board each and every man-of-war of our squadrons should ever it come to fight indeed. Wandering hither and thither up stairs and down stairs in the great building was I sent from Peter to Paul and found everything topsy-turvy truly maddening to behold and all the talke of war till one gazeteer a whilom friend of mine did pluck me by the sleeve and took me before Theodore Roosevelt, second Lord Chancellor of the Admiralty. A more busier man than him did I never set eyes on, no never, taking heed of my supplication with one ear, listening to sundry sea captains with the other, all the time dictating aloud to his clerks yet laughing and jeasting with the former Lord Chancellor o' Admiralty § come to see him whom he held grasped by the hand whilst in t'other he crumpled a bunch of advices just brought in from our spies in Madrid and Cadiz, where all alike are bent on war. My passport made out with Mr. Roosevelt's signatured duly affixed and a letter from him to the war office to do the same for me there, tho' it proved the first such like paper writ for this end, I thanked him warmly and before he was rid of me asked him bluntly whither I should turn for to see the first battle waged with the galleons of Spain. Then he did look me in the eye and showed his teeth, but I holding him tight spake at last : *Were I in your shoes I should get me on a speedy forerunner and haste to Puerto Rico, for 'tis most likely our squadron will there strike upon the Spanish Armada if ever she leave Cape Verde to come our way*, and thereat left me saying how he wished me luck and how he would fain be there with

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§ Ex-Secretary of the Navy Herbert.



## *Pepys's Ghost*

with a brave promise in the end to leave his office and take a hand in the fray whenever it come to blows. So away mighty content with the issue of mine errand and seeking out Master Schell at the Arlington Inne drew him hence and so again took coach on our journey southward with none for company but one navy lieutenant ordered to his ship, most other Southern travellers that do so commonly this season not dursting to venture forth in the teeth of this propounded war.

*April 8th.*—Up late, after our all night ride acoach, and alight to breakfast at Savannah, and there in the relay house I marvelled greatly to be pestered with so many flies over the dishes and had been fretted still more but for blackamoor boys standing by with dried leaves from palm trees, all about us having changed from winter to summer over night, so long a stride is it from Gotham town to Savannah. Thence posted onward for to catch the mail boat at Tamperport || and thus riding all day through great forest of pine trees without end soon became friends with Mr. Hill, the navy officer, he and Master Schell getting mighty thick with one another with noble discourse of ship chandlery and sea manœuvres but I abstracted in my book MS. what I have agreed to make ready for the printers this Spring. Passing a town bearing the name\* of the cross ways that be there brought together our eyes were gladdened by beholding of a King's palm and Master Schell was all for drawing an esquisse of it, but were aroused from our converse by a most horrible noise of strife in the front of the coach. Uponne thrustying our heades through the door we found there the coach porter and one that claimed

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|| Port Tampa.

\* Waycross.

claimed to be his friend rolling to and fro on the floor of the coach throttling one another and swearing blasphemous oaths. The porter coming uppermost tother snatched forth a dag, but was incontinently struck from his hand by the porter who fell to beating his head with an iron punch clenched in his fist and would fain kill him had his friend not made outcry and begged to be let up. So each comes to his feet again their faces besmirched with dust and blood, and having tiedied themselves the porter did stop the coach and thrust out the other by the way side, with complaynt to us afterwards how the man had entered unawares intent on making his journey free of cost knowing the porter to be a good friend to his father, a worthy man with foul offspring so said the porter.

¶ At nightfall we close on to our journey's end, and so forebare to sup, our navy officer boasting to us of a noble inne at Tamperport, but lived to rue it, fasting late beyond all endurance, and then alight in the dark and scarce seated at table awaiting good cheer when news comes to us how we must arise and aboard lest the packet boat be unmoored before we reach her. So in high haste out upon the wharf, after angry payment of a shameful bill for victuals never tasted by us, and did barely get aboard in season. The gang plank withdrawn I with much ado over the railing of the ship to reach my manuscript to a friendly boatsman what sate perched high on the outermost dock spile and he swore to despatch it faithfully to the printers in Boston the names whereof I writ on the paper, and so sailed out into the black night with sore misgiving of the issue.

*Good Friday.*—On board packet boat *Olivette*, a fine roomy vessel but mighty empty of passengers,

giers, so we had the deck all to ourselves and so continued throughout the day, with fine warm weather and sunshine albeit a high sea running from the strong wind. Eat but askance of the cabin meals lest sea sickness overtake me, but came out scot free, thanks be to God, whereas Master Schell he did complayne of his belly and was nowise releaved but by retching, what did tickle the fancy of our navy officer. Yet soon himself was in no better way, the hot sunne and image of him in the water blistering off the skinn of his face and burning of his nose red and blue like unto the veriest sotte, and was constrayned to confess to us that such was his sorry lot all times he went upon the water, yea since he first took to the sea a mere midshipman. Seven bells sounding in plain sight of Keywest, we having sailed beyond a hundred leagues with buoys plentiful all about us in token of reefs, the leadsman was ordered out and soon calls forth his soundings which grow ever lesser and lesser yet untill it passed mine understanding how so big a ship could draw so little water. Our captain he leaneth far over the side and peereth sharply into the waves when lo the keel beneath is heard scraping and skrunching on the bottom of the sea and in a trice our good ship lurches forward and is caught amidships on a coral reef. Then did the boatswain and crew fall to swearing and cursing, yet it avayled them naught, since there we lay fast stuck and pounding from early afternoon till long after dark, six weary hours, and might have been for aye but for the high tide bearing us over. So off at last and came into the harbour late at night amid a gallant fleet of noble war ships riding at anchor their hulks showing black against the dark sea. To the Keywest Inn, a blackamoor lighting us

us the way with a link, and there after much ado found lodging for the night and so to bed very weary nigh unto midnight.

*April 9.*—A hot morning with the streets all adust and the Inne filled of guests intent upon war, navy officers, sailors, Cuban rebels, gazeteers and such like, but were served with a brave breakfast and there beheld many guests known to me before, to wit jolly Harry Brown† with his good wife, Vince Cook,‡ who was wont to dine with us at Pontin's Tavern§ what time Mary Alice Fleming was before the New York Assizes for murder done to her mother|| and likewise Carleton Chapman,\* the draughtsman, a coxcomb of a man, that would fain set himself above his colleagues yet hath not the merit to sustain it Breakfast done Jack Spears\*\* taketh me aside and offering me good cheer poureth forth an angry tale how the war will never come, yet he lying idle for six weeks and more waiting for fight and naught else, a piteous plight indeed but might be worse. So I left him to seek out Carl Decker,†† for to present to him the letter writ by his chief Mr. Hearst commending me to his favor. A churlish fellow I found him, loath to employ the commonest civil courtesies,  
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† Correspondent for *Philadelphia Press* and *New York Herald*.

‡ Vincent Cooke, correspondent for *Mail and Express*.

§ Old down-town restaurant in New York City.

|| One of New York's sensational criminal trials on charges of murder by poison, resulting in acquittal of defendant.

\* Illustrator for *Harper's Weekly*.

\*\* John R. Spears, war correspondent for *New York Sun*.

†† Correspondent for *New York Journal*, credited with the sensational rescue of a Cuban woman prisoner from a Spanish prison in Havana.

and none too pleased with the letter I gave him the which he peevishly thrust into his breast and turned from us with never a word of welcome. So Master Schell and me to the haberdashers to change our winter gear for woven hats of Panama straw and light linens, and there heard much talke of General Lee § his coming out of Cuba this very day, his boat the Fern to anchor here over night. At supper we all very merry with newe friends at every turn, and soon was noised abroad how Genl Lee would not put out of the harbour of La Habana mayhap untill midnight or early on the morrow. Hence took coach and alight at El Teatro San Carlos || to hear a Spanish musick chansonetta named *Le Salsa di Aniceta*, a poor play sprightly done tho not enough Spanish dancing to my mind, withal some prettie chalked faces of Cuban Señoritas about us, and so away and to bed with no news of Gen'l Lee or War.

*Easter Sunday.*—Slept late untill awakened by the dinne of Frank Schell, pushing outward with his easel to portray Gen'l Lee landing at the Navy yard and arising after him in haste did behold the light house skiff that bore the Gen'l and others fled from Cuba riding at anchor in the offing. So to the wharf, and there stood over long under the hot sun, hotter than ever I bore it, till the Gen'l safely on land and nothing more to be seen. Whilst Schell kept to the room deep in his portrayal of the landing party, I to the tap room and fell in with Fred Remington \* and Dick Davis † whomst I last met with Harry Harper on Franklin Square

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§ Consul-General Fitzhugh Lee.

|| Historic playhouse, where the Cuban convention was held that resulted in the last revolution against Spain.

\* Frederick Remington, artist.

† Richard Harding Davis, author.

Square at home, and were right merry all three when in cometh our navy officer Lieutenant Hill who after a hearty stroup of ale biddeth us dine with the officers' mess on the *Iowa*, and so made haste to summon forth Schell since the *Iowa* with our other heavy battle ships of the line be kept well out to sea, two leagues and more, a far cry to reach in time for dinner. To the fleet by water, Dick Davis not of the party, and aboard the *Iowa* where were made heartily welcome by her captain, what goes by the name of Fighting Bob.† Anon he hath the ship cleared for action, feigning the enemy to be nigh, and forthwith sounds a flourish of trumpets with running of seamen hither and thither eager to be found at their quarters, the midshipmen fetching the officers their cutlasses and dags all highly divertising to Fred Remington. This done all to holy service much edified by the chaplin his pious Easter sermon on the Prince of Peace, albeit not meet nor fit for these times, and so to mess on slender victuals with warm beer whereat Fred Remington he maketh a wry face but I glad to taste of a sapodilla fruit, the first I ever eat in all my life. Later our friend beckoneth us aside to bear us with him to his cabin, and there behind closed doors poureth out for each of us a stiff dram of grogg from his privy chest contrary to all navy regulations, and so left Remington with him to remain a guest on board while we return by water on the patrol ship of the fleet, a petard boat § commanded by Lieutenant Rogers, as gallant and gentle spoken a navy officer as ever I care to know.

¶ This night Carl Decker coming into our bed chamber did devise with him untill late how to go into Cuba unawares for to pry into the outcome of

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† Robley D. Evans, U.S.N.

§ Torpedo-boat *Foote*.

of the Armistice newly granted to his rebels by the King of Spain, and were resolved in the end for me to make a bold try for it on the morrow with Mr. Akers, our London gazeteer lately banished from all Spanish dominions, and so to bed, straying big with desire.||

*April 15th.*—Now must I needs take up again my journall, but no time left in these stirring times to hark back to other days. The country clearly bent upon war, and here all in a flurry, the battle ships putting on their war paint and trimming for fight, whilst each new packet boat brings more guests to our Inne all mad for war. This morning I to the wharf with Walter Russell \* and Vince Cook to watch a little blackamoor boy that answereth to the name "Smoke" at his anticks in the water, dyving and swimming like unto fish to catch pence in his mouth, a subtile trick in sooth, but led to high quarrell betwixt the pickaninny boys, and so away. As Schell his behest on board the petard boat *Porter*, with her commander Lieutenant Fremont, who clapping on all speed wonderful indeed to behold bears us with him to the fleet riding at Sandkey, and there aboard the flagship to pay our respects to Capt. Sampson, now made Acting Rear Admiral over the head of Commodore Schley, a rank preferment what will surely breed jealousy in the Navy. All things aboard the flag cruiser wonderfully well ordered and ship shape,

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|| The following lapse in the diary was doubtless caused by Mr. Pepys's reluctance or inability to continue his daily journal while exposed to possible capture in Cuba. For a contemporary record of some of his experiences at this time see "A Bloody Armistice," published in *Leslie's Weekly* early in May, 1898.—*The Editor.*

\* Artist.

shape, to Schell his great admiration and contentment, but I liked not the bearing nor manner of the Admiral and so glad to turn from him to hold converse with Goode,† the only gazetteer licensed to voyage with the fleet on the flagship. Of a sudden the lookout maketh an outcry and we turning on the quarter deck behold a man overboard from a packet brig under full said beating out to westward astern of us. 'Twas a prettie sight to watch so many life boats with men-o-war's crewes racing for to succor the drowning sailor, but were balked of their design by the petard boat, what brought us, bearing down upon the swimmer and so drew him forth, before the brig could make shift to heave to. When they fetched him before the Admiral 'twas but a slip of a boy, yet we lingered not but made haste to go down the side into the petard boat, her commandant offering to bear us back into port. Off at once and under way the second lieutenant comes forward and tells me how the cunning rogue sprang overboard within hail of the squadron designing for to be impressed into the navy service, thus to have his go at the Spaniard, nor would they deny the lad his brave wish. So to the navy yard with great speed and ashore but not untill Schell obtayns the commandant his word to bring him along this night what time the petard boat is ordered forth to patrol the coast, but I have no stomach for the venture. After supper Schell doth borrow my great rain coat agaynst foul weather overnight, and hies him away, whilst I taking coach with Dan Smith and Reuterdahl,‡ the two Danskers, and other merry souls alight at La Brisa, to hear of the musick and see our officers dance

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† A. P. Goode, war correspondent for Associated Press.

‡ Well-known illustrators and marine artists.



dance with their ladies and prettie Señoritas, with no thought of war. There beheld I the comeliest Cuban maids that ever I hoped to set eyes on, one dancing with her betrothed, a navy ensign, truly a fair sight to see, both dressed in fine white linen what made me rue mine own shabby cloathes, and so loath to dance myself till my Mr. Chamberlin § finding me did utter such incontinent praises of these morenas their beauty, that I must needs request the favor of a dance with the prettie wife of Sylvester Scovel || come to the merry making with the Commandant of the Fort, his lady.\* *Je faisais des yeux jolis avec les dames*, when behold, in walketh Master Schell, prinked in my Lord's day doublet and breeches, as silly a misfit to his body as ever be, and draweth me away from where I sate, to mine everlasting sorrow to tell me how he striving to gain his ship in the dark night did step clear off the edge of the wharf into the sea, and so was nigh drowned in my rain coat had not our friend Lieut. Rogers heard his voice from the cabin of his ship lying amid stream and despatched a boat with himself in it and thereby saved his life in the nick o' time. It did vex me to come away from so many comely women but Schell his dangerous mishap and failure thus to carry out his design did prove so sympathetick a tale that left me no heart to tarry longer, so out of the dance hall and straight home to our inne, where lay his wet cloathes strewn in a heap like fishermen's nets fresh from the sea.

*April 16.*—A hot day and hotter on the water yet

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§ Joseph E. Chamberlin, editor of *Youth's Companion* and correspondent for Boston *Transcript*.

|| War correspondent for New York *World*.

\* Lieutenant McKinstrey, in charge of fortifications at Key West.

yet Schell intent to find a skuller to row us out to the petard boat to return thanks to the navy officers what saved him last night and so out and to the *Foote* † and broke bread with them in the cabin, a jolly feast it was but as tiny a little cabin as ever four men were in. Back betimes the boatswain landing us on the turtle dock and had much ado to get out of the place what with high fences and watermains the upshot whereof was that Schell his hand was nigh cleft open from a broken glass, a horrid ugly cut to see, but bore it bravely as he does all ills and I like him the better for it. This night a troop ship brings the blackamoor soldiers, the last of the line ‡ albeit the first to push so far to the front, but only two companies of them in all, big stout fellows fit enough to fight, led by their officers, all white men. Picking my way through the troop ship betwixt the horses their stalls and tired soldiers fast asleep under their hoofs, I come across George Wharton Edwards § his brother, an officer in the service, and so to our Inn into the tap room, there to drink a toast to his health and his brother officers, a brave crew, meseemeth fair of speech and courtly mannered for all their hardships and rude service. So parted good friends, and to my bed chamber at early matins to be chidden for a roysterer by Master Schell aroused and wide awake from our songs in the tap room.

*Lord's Day.*—This morning lay long in bed with more peevish words between Schell and I, which I lay to his sore hand, poor wretch, so he flings out to church and I at loss how to pass the forenoon. To Walter Russell his lodgement,  
above

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† Torpedo-boat *Foote*, commander Lieutenant Rogers.

‡ Twenty-fifth Infantry, U.S.A. (colored).

§ New York artist.

above our bed chamber, and was highly edified by his paynting of the soldiers their entry last night,|| though he professeth it to be but an esquisse. Thence to one lodgement after another to watch each painter at his work, Reuterdahl doing a ship, Dan Smith some steers hoisted on high by a derrick, and Schmettgen \* deep in a study of the blackamoor troopers asleep in the hold of the ship, even as I surprized them yestereen. Coming in upon them in this fashion I found each divested of his clothes and sweating overmuch from the hot sun, so bade all to come swim together off the Prado after sundown, whereon Schell hearing of it must needs come too and so all into the water with rag, tag and bobtail, untill Master Russell prating of sharks did spoil our frolick. Home to a good dinner, which done, we all to the Roman minster to hear preached a homily by father Chidwick, erstwhile navy chaplin on the *Maine*, that lies sunken at La Habana, but now father confessor on board Capt. Sampson his flagship. A poor sermon methought and so home eager to get some sleep.

*April 18.*—Worked all day.

*April 19.*—Writing of my report for the Gazette. They say war is certain now that Congress hath stuck its finger into the pie.†

*April 20th.*—Worked hard till night fall. Walked abroad after supper and came upon a prettie Cuban damsel, lying sick in the way with none to aid her,

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|| A reproduction of this painting in black and white was afterwards used for Mr. Pepys's monograph on "The Negro as a Soldier," published shortly after the Spanish-American War in 1898.

\* Illustrator for *Chicago Record*.

† Congressional resolution of April 19, 1898, enjoining the President to request Spain's evacuation of Cuba.

so was fain to fetch a Spanish spoken surgeon who gives her some physick and thereon commends her to my care, as I were her lover. A fine pickle this had her Aunt not come to the spot and borne her away but must have a sharp look at me ere she goes, so am clearly committed to it, God forgive me. Home to the Inne and into the tap room, and there fell in with Dick Davis and Remington but loath to speak of what befell me lest they make a jeast of it. In the midst of our discourse comes a noise of shots from without and sound of scuffle, so they up and out and I after them and found it to be a murderous brawl betwixt the town constable and a soldier blackamoor, whom he apprehends with a dag in his hand others stryving to embroil them the further, and so the strife grew madder still till all the town in an uproar the soldiers marching to the gaol to set free their comrades and the burghers arming agaynst the moors for to avenge so high handed a breach of their civick law. Late at night, the turmoil ending for the nonce, I home to the Inne and there to mine own great surprize beheld Mr. Tholans † intent on loading a blunderbuss for bloody work on the morrow, which God forbid.

*April 21st.*—Up late and found all matters quiet. Colonel Daggett § he tells me, his man shall be brought to justice and all end well. Wrote hard all day. To night to the El Teatro San Carlos, with our navy friends, and all going well on the stage, a cachucha dance just beginning when news comes that the King of Spain hath driven our Embassadour from his dominions and war is declared. The navy men up at that, and we along with them, what was a signal for all sailor men to leave

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† Then city editor of New York *Press*.

§ Commanding officer of the Twenty-fifth Infantry.

leave the playhouse, and so pell mell into a hackney coach bidding the driver lose no time to the wharf, where each ship of the squadron be signalling to one another and boats ready on all sides to take the laggards to their ships. No time then to say more than a curt good bye and good luck in the bargain and so parted, they to take their place in the squadron and we to the Inne to pack our duds and away to the despatch boat amid streams. At midnight hoisted our anchor and under way after the fleet, gathering at Sand Key. Fell asleep on quarter deck and thus the night passed.

*Friday, April 22d.*—Woke at dawn it growing chillsome on the after deck, and found our ship riding at anchor. Under way at five bells of the second watch and overtook the fleet soon after sailing in double columns the course set due for Habana. Even as we closed with the squadron one ship hove about and made for home with a Spanish packet boat for convoy, the *Bonaventura* so they say, captured over night, our first prize in this war. Some said 'twas a prize and other gain-said them, but the latter overbearing us we lay not to, but kept our course after the squadron, lest they cannonade the City of La Habana and we be not bye. Stood all day for Cuba and was marvellous to behold the prettie flying fish leaping from the blue water at our ship's side, but I begin to feel the alteraçion in the heat of the climate, being now well out in the Caribbean Sea, nor had endured the sun so well but for a tarpaulin spread over the poop by our sailormen. Near sun down the flagship of a sudden claps on all speed for a chase after a big Spaniard, and bringing him too with a couple of shots from her forward gun, drives him captive into the fleet, a noble prize indeed, *San Pedro* by name. Whilst a boarding party

party goes over his side for to search into his papers and secure the prize, another brave ship looms up in the offing, and a shout goes up from the jackies on the fleet for they know her to be a man-of-war, yet must restrayn their greed for fight whilst the admiral goes out single handed to engage the fellow. Such speed in a ship did I never see, no not in all my life and did my hearte good to see the flagship make so prettie a run for first blood. So went below and summoned forth Schell from the cabin where he lay prone in the throes of sea sickness, lest he miss this chance to draw so noble a fight, man to man, and he coming up throws him down on the bridge with horrible groans, yet just in time to draw a fair image of the two ships belching forth their broad sides of fire and flame. We drawing nigher could hear the noise of their cannonade over the water; and strayed our eyes to see which would over bear the other, when Schell of a sudden raises him up from where he lay on his belly and cried angrily *Ye fools see you not that this is no Spaniard but sheweth the standard of the King of Savoy and all this combat is but their salutation to one another according to the courtesies of the sea* and so withdrew highly vexatious into the cabin. There he lay sick all night, our cockle shell of a ship tumbling us about most horribly, but I could nowise bear the noisome stench in the cabin and so to the poop once more and there slept over night in my clothes, glad in my heart that it be no worse.

*April 23d.*—This morning lay off the coast of Cuba, nigh enough to the harbour of La Habana to see the breakers dash their foam clear up to the walls of Castel Morro and the beacon tower, a terrible sight to see, and beyond the yellow houses of the town, but durst not venture within gun shot  
of

of the batteries, since 'tis contrary to orders. After dinner the whole fleet fell to exercise the small and great guns, especiall the latter, as if really in fight, pointing the long guns hither and thither and showing the manner of loading, highly divertising but withal confusing and come to an end only by our cruiser *Cinninnati* chasing a poor schooner, and made a prize of her. Soon thereafter our little petard boat *Porter* chases after another prize and all but drives her on the beach but in the end brings her back in tow, she likewise a schooner, *La Matilda* by name. 'Tis a sorry sport to my mind to see such poor craft of fishing smacks and coast wise packet boats made prizes, their captains, poor wretches, not yet aware that war be declared, nor able either to show fight overmatched as they be in speed and mostly without armament of their own. One Spanish master I saw kneeling down to pray as he was made prisoner by our boarding party swarming over the side of his ship, and afterward told them how he had been out to sea, standing from Africa these three months before ever there was thought of war, but it avayled him not against the loss of his bonnie ship and all that was his own. So home to Key West, sleeping on the after deck, as is my wont.

*April 24.*—Up betimes beating into the port of Key West and found the harbour filled full of Spanish prize craft, a strange edifying sight. To the Inne where were lodged in our same bed chamber as before to my contentment. All day long at work on my great report of how this War came to be begun, nor did I quit till bed time very late of the night.

*April 25th.*—Worked hard all day.

*April 26th.*—A hot day but clear withal. This morning in comes Mr. Cassard, the navy parson on the

the *Indiana* what promised to make me sun pictures of all he saw, and bursting into our chamber tells me how he did hap to be on board the small beacon light craft *Mangrove* that hath now made a prize of the brave packet cruiser *Panama*, the Spaniard carrying four guns against but one small pistolet on the *Mangrove* and that owned by the parson, truly a bold exploit. What did please the parson most is how he was to get his share of untold pieces-of-eight for prize money, and would have it that his be a double claim, since he but happened on the *Mangrove* yet with his dag bore a part in the onslaught, whilst did belong of right to the *Indiana*, what came within hail ere the *Panama* was boarded and thereby gets half the booty. So we two must needs dine with him, and made merry over a bottell or two of truly noble Burgundy wine and after dinner the parson taketh me by coach to the wharf feigning mere pleasaunce but in truth bent on more prizes, and so left him cocking his eye through a great spy glass, the greediest pirate that ever I saw.

¶ Was hard put to it to finish my report and not slight this last brave exploit of our Navy as told me by the parson, and so aboard the *Anita*, late of the evening, and soon weighed anchor for our second cruise, with what shift of sleep there was for me in a chair on the poop.

*April 27th.*— Up and found clear weather, but lasted not long, a loud Norwester wind making the sea to run highly uncomfortable. By noon time saw our good ship *Newport* chase for a prize but lost her into the harbour of La Habana. Sailed for the port of Matanzas, a score of leagues away, and had all but made it, when lo the boatswain ears do tingle with the boom of gunnery and so clapped on all speed and soon beheld the flagship with a

small



small part of the fleet cannonade the castle at the harbour nor ceased their shooting till no more shots came from the discomfited Spaniards what stood by the guns of San Cristino,|| and thus an end to the first drawn fight of the war, and passing strange methought to have my first battaille waged in the very place where I lay but a fortnight since. ¶ But we greedy for more news, not having beheld how the encounter opened, and so pursued the flag ship down the Cuban coast, untill the waves falling somewhat we drew nigh meaning to board her, yet were dissuaded by the Admiral his request to stand by his small convoy *Tecumseh*\* whom he did report as sinking, and so turned about and held close to her all night untill we saw her into port, she out sailing us at the very end, and thus learned it was but a scurvy trick lest we report the encounter at home in advance of the Admiral his pets, what he had already despatched for port. To me it mattered little, meaning no loss of news to me, but to the other gazeteers aboard with us 'twas a sad blow and one they must rue for many a day.

*April 28.*—Up betimes to work hard all day, and so late to sleep on board *La Anita*.

*April 29th.*—A clear and cool day upon the water. Fell in with the flagship† at eight bells of the third watch, and became her convoy together with the *Indiana*,‡ *Detroit*,§ *Mangrove*,\*\*

*Dewey,*

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|| Old fort commanding the harbor of Matanzas.

\* Naval supply tug.

† Armored cruiser *New York*.

‡ Battleship.

§ Cruiser.

\*\* Converted light-house tender.

## *Pepys's Ghost*

*Dewey,\* Summersault Smithy,† Can-have-a-haul,‡ and Triton.§* So sailed past Morro Castle, a motley crew, beyond Mariel and off Port Cabaffas, when lo some bloody cut throats on shore must needs fire into us with their blunderbusses, a mad senseless adventure and cost them dearly, our cruisers heaving to and firing their guns each eleven times, what put a stop to their gunnery on the other side, yet we tarried not to count the dead, but made for port, the other gazeteers barking upon our heels, and so sailed a close race for port, a wicked waste of coles and no sense in it, meseemed, but made as prettie a race as any I have sailed in, all three clearing the bar together, despite the signals of ye port warden to beware of gunpowder casks hid away in the harbour for welcome to the Spaniard.

*April 30th.*—Kept my room hard at work all day. Sailed out of port late by night, contrary to the port warden his orders.

*First day of May.*—Cruising with fleet all day, the weather worser than ever before.

*May 2d.*—On cruise.

*May 3d.*—Cruised untill high noon. Came into port near sun down and found fleet assembled off Sandkey, others taking on coles in the harbour. ¶ So warped into wharf, to await our turn for coles and other succor, the Captain mighty anxious lest we be undone, but prevayled after all and so back to ye fleet with late mail for the flagship and one of her cruisers. A fine moonlight night, all shippes with

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\* Press despatch boat chartered by the New York *Herald*.

† *Somers N. Smith*, tug-boat chartered by New York *Herald*.

‡ *Kanapaba*, steam yacht chartered by New York *Sun*.

§ Tug-boat chartered by New York *World*.

with anchors underfoot ready to sail, and link signals playing from one t'other and so lay to untill midnight. 'Tis some big undertaking plainly that all is agog for, for late of the night, when a petard boat cometh out of the mouth of the harbour bearing the latest dispatch for the Admiral from the Navy Office, each man-o'-war gets under way and thus sail away into the night, our boat dogging close after the *Indiana*, and so fell to sleep on the poop bench as is my wont.

*May 4th.*—A clear day and hot, albeit a blithe wind blew over our quarter. Stood by the *Indiana* untill off La Habana where cruised at random over a smooth sea and wondrous blue, yellow gulf weed floating hither and thither. A shark shewing his back fin off our starboard side Mr. Quail || essays to shoot him but fails, and so passeth the fowling piece on to our Welsh steward who puts a shot clean through the fish his belly and so flip flapped in the water mighty fierce till the steward shoots him once more and then lay died and quiet. Mr. Quail, hot for his prey, orders out the small boat, but the sailor man did so bungle the thing that the boat was upsot and two tarpaulins spilled out of her one saving of himself by a hawser but t'other likely to drown or be swallowed alive by sharks had I not called aloud to the poor fool to climb into the dinghy and so clambered on the keel and drew up his legs to be safe from the fishes their bites. A most unwelcome mishap to our captain since that it befell under the very eyes of the Admiral and so shamed us with all the fleet. At noon the flagship sets signals to speed in all haste to Port Cardenas and did so, some saying how the Spaniard his Armada been sighted, yet when Cardenas was reached

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|| Joseph Quail, war correspondent for New York Journal.

## Pepys's Ghost

reached turned out no more than other fighting ships of the line be come to meet us. So came to under lee of the squadron and so to sleep on the quarter deck in the wicker couch that bore poor Mistress Thurston, the wife of the parliament man what time she died aboard this ship.\*

*May 5th.*—A cool morning, our ship still a-following the fleet Eastward along Cuba, the squadron sailing in this order, to wit: Flagship, towing *Terror*, towing in turn the little *Porter*, *Iowa* towing the *Amphitrite*, *Detroit*, *Montgomery*, *Niagara*, *Wampatuck*, *Indiana*, *Anita*, *Kanapaha* and *Dauntless*. Changed course southward early in third watch. Off Sandoro Grande† *Montgomery* went in chase after a Spanish barkentine and soon brings her in as a prize yclept *San Lorenzo*, and so sent her homeward under a prize officer and crew. Not long thereafter the *Indiana* hailing us would fain have us take on board a government spy sent to get foot into Cuba and after some parley to and fro consented on our part. Whilst we lie by the *Montgomery* espieth another sail, this time a brigantine and chasing after her soon brings the Spaniard to with her guns and so another prize is made and despatched homeward, a sport mefeared but little to the liking of those that must needs sail them into port. The spie, coming up our side soon revealeth himself as Mr. Whitney a gentleman born and bred, with a captaincy in the army and purporteth to be on his way to join one of our embassies abroad, but in truth bent upon getting some word of our army to Gen'l Gomez, chief of the rebel forces in the Antilles. So ushered into the  
cabin

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\* Reference to the death of Senator Thurston's wife while cruising from Cuba to Florida aboard *Anita* earlier in the year.

† Sagua Grande?

cabin and over a hearty dram there Captain Whitney he maketh a mighty civill request to be set ashore by us on the East coast of Cuba, and then did it appear to his everlasting confusion and consternation that in their parley they did mistake our captain to shout to them how we would land at Cape Maysi in Cuba, we having said in truth how that we must get coles at Cape Hayti. Capt. Whitney, he pulleth a wry face, but no avayl since our shipmaster durst not risk the adventure. So to supper and after supper Mr. Whitney and I did discourse untill late into morning how it might be arranged for us twain to go into Cuba from Cape Hayti, if I would but contrive to procure false passports for either man.

*May 6th.*— Cruising all day in wake of fleet.

*May 7th.*— A hot day, with no sport but from the anticks of the sailors their bobtail goat and puppy, two silly beasts that play to be for ever fighting one the other. Sighted Tortuga Island, where the bucaneeers of these parts were wont to hold their bloody carousals. 'Tis plain to all now that the Admiral is bent on locking horns with the Spaniard wherever he may find him.

*May 8th.*— Aroused at early matins, we coming into a harbour most daintie and loveable to behold, and was bidden to converse with the pilot in the French tongue, none other knowing how to speak it. A highly ludicrous pilot man I found him, black as the devil and half naked, but talked the French lingo mighty glibb like a master of ceremonies or dance teacher and so asked him where we might buy coles and stores whereat he promiseth to shew me ashore, and so off with him in his long boat, my heart glad within me to put foot on land again. A more divertising country have I not seen, no never, the green hills even as Christopherus

topherus Columbus found them here, and the people little better than sauvages, living in motley rags and nakedness, yet calling themselves Count of Lemonade, Duke of Marmalade and other noble titles fit to make a dog laugh. So tarried all day, nigh drunken with the pleasaunce of so much rare sport, but made a sorry business of mine errand to get us false passports for Mr. Whitney and me to pass into Cuba, and so must even desist for the present, though as he truly saith, God only knows whither we shall fetch up next time.

*May 9th.*—At day break put out to sea, I having been up all night what with climbing up to the signal tower to spy out our squadron in the offing and thence a stroll along the green beach where Admiral Columbus did lose his best caravelle of a Christmaseen and there saw pointed out to me an ancient anchor in the sand said to be that of the *Santa Maria* and so highly content but wished on parting I might have abided a full fortnight in so quaint a place. Joined the fleet thirty miles out to sea and there Admiral Sampson did bid sundry of us gazeteers on board the flagship to rate us soundly for what he termed an betrayal of his ships their whereabouts when of a sudden up comes a water spout not half a league away, and approacheth mighty swift, so in the ships their consternacion a short end put to the dispute, yet the spout wave burst asunder ere she was brought to fall from the ships their guns. Set our course to westward with all the squadron untill well out of sight of land and then Eastward, a clever ruse designed to deceive the Spanish spies on watch for us ashore. So to bed in the foul cabin below, a wild rain and storm spoiling the night for me on deck.

*May 10th.*—A dull day we still a-cruising eastward

ward with the fleet, and duller yet but for Dan Smith † his merry talk and waggery.

*May 11th.*—Up and see we are clean out of sight of the Admiral and his squadron but know how to fall in with their course. Spoke and ran alongside Spanish bark *Carlos F. Rose* of Barcelona, with no news of the war, her captain all in the dark that War hath been declared betwixt his country and ours, and so might have taken him prisoner were privateering not lately fallen in so ill repute. Espied squadron after night fall and made haste to fall in with them again.

*May 12th.*—This morning the fleet lying off San Juan de Puerto Rico, did cannonade that Port, from daybreak untill after breakfast, the Spaniards handling their guns mighty manfully, with no issue on either side, they shooting the last shots, but none struck on our ships, but such noise of gunnery, smoke and manœuvring of vessels did I never behold, nor understood much of it, but Mr. Whitney setting forth the problem to me in a diagram, and Captain Converse of the *Montgomery* giving me a private explication of it all, I did write a very full report of it, to be printed with Frank Schell his painted portrayal of the sea battle and did despatch both from the port of Saint Thomas in the Danish West Indies where we did come to anchor that same day together with the *Montgomery*, *Saint Paul*, *Yale*, *Kanapaho* and *Dauntless*, a marvel indeed to the sleepy towns folk not accustomed to see so many great ships gathered all at once in their midget harbour.

*May 13th.*—Forth from the harbour again speaking the cruiser *Yale* on our way out. Cruised up and down the coast of Puerto Rico within gunshot of the castle meaning to discern clearly what damage

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† Marine artist for New York *Journal*.

damage hath been done, and so all day, bespeaking of our ships the *St. Louis*, *Dauntless*, and *Kanabapa*, in full cry after the Admiral what hath turned about Westward on despatches how the Spanish Armada hath given him the slip at Martinique and is now head on for Cuba. At sun down, of a sudden the look-out espieth a Spanish man-of-war pouncing down upon us from the harbour of San Juan, and clapped on all speed with great ado since we are clearly overmatched but the Spaniard pursuing giveth us a close chase, with gun shots fired ever and anon over our star-board quarter, and all much discomfited thereby with great distress and fear that all is lost, every man called upon to do his part with the crew, and thus toiled all night nor never lett up untill day break finds us off Saint Thomas with the Spanish cruiser lost in the wake, but our ship worse strayed than she is able to bear, and so came into port badly affrighted.

*May 15th.*—Hard at work over my report of our misbegotten venture of yesternight.

*May 16th.*—The vitascope man, him that we called Grampus, because of his spouting like a whale, left our company this day to sail for homeward, with many bottelles of goodly spirits to cheer him on the way and told me privily how 'twas all by reason of this our idle delay in a strange port away from all the fighting.

*May 17th.*—This morning was aroused by Dan Smith shewing me a tattered piece of a British gazette with a report of Admiral Dewey his brave defeat of the Spanish Admiral in the China seas, a better news have I never heard, and made my heart big to think how so great a victory could be achieved so lightly by our officers and tarpaulins, to the everlasting glory and honour of our flag, for which God be praised. They



¶ They do tell me presently how that the only gazeteers on our side in that far away sea fight were Mr. Stickney, whom methinks I knew, and Mr. McCutcheon, not a writer at all but comick draughtsman, yet wrote a better report than t'other. The greater credit to him, and made my heart ake to think how we lye idle here and the war sweepeth us bye left helpless. So to Mr. Quail, and did insist, that he give me a warrant to sail for Santiago in the *Baracoa*, § one of Mr. Hearst his ships, but he firmly set against it, and lays down an order that I must abide with him, and so one word giving another waxed very wroth untill he did order me from his ship and I taking him at his behest did jump over board, and was drawn ashore by a blackamoor in a bum boat, very wet but resolved to make an end and strike off on my own part, a free man. To Mr. Whitney his lodging in Dr. Taylor's || house on the hill, and lay there with him all night deep in talk on a project how to enter Puerto Rico as secret agents for the War Office and our Government.

*May 19th.*—Up betimes, Mr. Whitney complayning sorely of tropical Spiders and went about for to procure a passport into Puerto Rico, and so to the German Emperour his envoy here and he sending me to the Governour of the Island did obtain from him a passport as a Switzer but must have it countersigned by the Spanish King his envoy and so after payment of all just dues to the envoy his house with the standard of Castille perched

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§ Norwegian tramp steamer chartered by the New York *Journal* to sail from St. Thomas to Santiago, but failed of her mission, her captain and crew repudiating the charter in mid-ocean.

|| English physician resident in St. Thomas, and historian of the Danish West Indies.

perched high above it, and do persuade him by use of French lingo to affix his seal and exequatur thereto but cost me further stipends and money, yea more than before. While thus I tarried there comes a noise of guns, as for a salute and we hastening to the window do behold one of our men-o'-war sail proudly into the harbour with colors flying and boom of guns. Espying her Señor Velasques \* giveth a black scowl, and turning from the window tells me in French how she is the *Oregon*, fled away into this port from the vengeance of Spain, but I knowing her to be the *Minneapolis* did laugh privily to myself, into my sleeve, yet trow our good ship *Oregon* hath indeed given the Spaniards the slip.

May 22d.—This night Mr. Whitney he did stow away on the collier *Ardenrose*, bound for the Port of Ponce, and did see him off and helped him aboard the ship with promises to meet in Puerto Rico, if all go well. So went aboard *Anita*, the first time, since mine overthrow with Mr. Quail, and arousing Schell from his sickbed did bid farewell to him and a good honest friend he is and maketh mine heart sick, to leave him. So away and to my boatman to prepare all for this mine own try for Puerto Rico and therefore must needs end my journall here. And so betake myself to that course, which is almost as much as to bid God speed to myself, for which and all discomforts that may await me, good fortune attend me.†

June

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\* Spanish consul in Danish West Indies.

† Necessarily so tell-tale a journal of daily events had to be discontinued in view of the author's delicate mission. Happily, another biographical narrative, covering the period of the diarist's adventures in Puerto Rico, has been kept extant in an article published in the *Century Magazine* for September, 1898, under the caption "Alone in Porto Rico."

*June 8th.*—This day am I safely returned home, praised be the Lord, and within reach once more of Christian cloathes and ready to take up my journall that hath lain so long neglected what time I was jeopardded of my life by the Spanish King his souldiers in Puerto Rico. By the kindness of the English sea captain § that did take me up at Santa Cruz,|| a sorry waif and outcast, I be put off in the harbour of New York, beneath Brooklyn Bridge with naught to call mine own but a monstrous West Indy sombrero, most cunningly woven. At the wharf was I met by diverse gazeteers, eager for a full tale of my captivating and how I baffled the Spanish Captain General that thirsted for my blood, and I highly pleased to see them for in sooth I was penniless and could not have contrived to cross the ferry but for one friendly gazeteer paying the waterman from his own purse. Landing at the Battery I must needs stand still for one of them to make my counterfeit presentment for his gazette, but was ill pleased thereby, he painting me with fierce moustachios, like unto a Turk or Tartar, such as I never had. They leaving me, I did set out to walk up Broadway on foot, having no money wherewith to take coach to Mr. Arkell his office, but I sorely ashamed to walk in such poor garb and outlandish hat, yet glad to observe how none turn on their heel to stare after me. So great a citye hath this town become that naught doth astonish our citizen people any more, no not the Great Mogul himself should he ride on our streets in state.

¶ Coming to Union Square, I did turn aside to walk to the great Judge Building and there was hailed

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§ Capt. —, of Quebec mail steamer, *Madiana*.

|| St. Croix, Danish West Indies.

hailed by a gentleman of Mr. Munsey his staff, who doth put me in a sore fright telling me how all track be lost of my wife and me believed to be dead. So to Mr. Arkell his office, but encountered there naught but dire distress and confusion with no welcome word from any man, until waxing wroth I did demand of the old doorkeeper the cause of this their neglect of me that had risked all for their sake.

¶ Then did he recall my countenance, and seemeth glad to greet me, but told me how this very day the whole company with all the sundry gazettes and bookes published by them, be turned over to a publick Receiver by the Court, and so learned to my consternation that all the moneys due me must be in default leastwise for some time to come. There tarried for a while, deeply disconsolate, till an errand boy calling for me, I found it to be a message from my wife, wherein she did apprise me of her newe abode on Morningside Hill, and likewise a letter from Lieutenant Whitney telling me how he too be safely out of the clutches of the Spaniard and bidding me make haste to meet him at his secret office in the War Department.

¶ So away and to my wife her house on Morningside Hill, a kind friend loaning me moneys wherewith to have a barber trim my unkempt hair and enough left over to take coach to Harlaem, and so home to my dear wife and little children, and very blithe, all of us, to be together again, but most of any one my wife for that I had stripped me of my red beard she was loath to behold.

*June 10th.*—Up early and did prepare my report for the War Department. To the office and was there met by Doctor Albert Shaw come to entreat me to pen a discourse concerning the Isle of Puerto Rico, to be printed at the sign of the

*Review*

*Review of Reviews.* It doth seem that the gazetteers be mad for this business sending and writing from all quarters for me to tell them the tale of my adventure in the West Indies. So did I make rash promises to pen a piece for Mr. McClure and Mr. Doubleday \* and did likewise engage myself to do the same for Mr. Richard Watson Gilder his Gazette,† but am in a puzzle how to please them each. Home to dinner and did there break to my wife the business of my journey to Washington, whereat she taketh affright lest I be further drawn into the War. Nor could I appease her but by her journeying with me.

¶ So made ready in great haste, and leaving the children with our girl Ellen, did cross the water at three of the clock in time to travell with the fast post for Parliament.‡

¶ After supper along the way we into the citye and alight after dark. Behold in the relay station stands my old friend and schoolmate Mr. Tassin to bid us welcome and likewise my newe friend Lieutenant Whitney, and maketh a gallant salute to my ladye, after the handsome manner of our souldier men. Mr. Tassin plucking my sleeve, I did perceive his intent and so presented one man to another. Each thereon maketh a claim to receive us at his house, but put an end to their strife upon my telling them how I must needs bide at an inne. Lieut. Whitney did then offer to conduct us to the Ebbit Inne, which he doth bespeak as a fair old fashioned hostelry, where it be the wont of army and navy men to foregather, whereat my wife giveth him a black look, fearthsome as she still be of some dark design to entice me

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\* *McClure's Magazine.*

† *The Century Magazine.*

‡ The Congressional Limited Express.

me into the Army, but I feigned to heed it no wise, and so alight at the Taverne and there made shift to stay awhile, our friends leaving us for the night.

*June 11th.*—Up betimes and breakfasted in the common room, with blackamoor servants to wait upon us. Here was a merry company of old sea dogs and gray-beard fighting cocks sitting cheek by jowl with ensign cornets and beardless striplings called hither from West Point and Annapolis to be despatched to their commands at the fighting front. Mistress Whitney coming to pay her respects to my wife, I away, and to her husband his office in the War Department and there was summoned into their secret chamber to lay before them all that I knew of the Spaniards' stronghold in the harbour of San Juan de Puerto Rico. Then was I deeply shamed how little in sooth mine eyes had beheld to be of service to their needs, but they bid me be of good cheer and did shewe to me their secret map of the Island that did contayne most all what I had fayled to record. One Captain Rowan § coming in, he and Mr. Whitney did fall into a dispute anent certayn ways and byways in Cuba, fit for heavy guns to march on, and so made shift to unroll sundry rolls of their secret map of the Antilles, the biggest and most largest chart that ever I beheld in all my born life time. In the midst of their hot talke, the chief officer of the Bureau draweth me aside and bids me prepare a full written record of all I beheld for the secret informacion of the Government, and likewise bids me report to Mr. Moore, the Under Secretary of State, who hath requested

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§ Major Rowan, who conducted the secret reconnoissance into Cuba at the outbreak of the Spanish-American War.

requested my presence. The noon hour having struck Lieutenant Whitney he inviteth me to take a draught with him at the Acrobatick Guild\* near bye and there beheld diverse cunning instruments for acrobatick play and a deep water tank withal, untill drawing me into the tap room he calls for two drams of sweet cordial and so fell to talke on each his adventures in the West Indies and the poor rum to be had in Puerto Rico. Then growing both an-hungered he leadeth me away to Mr. Harlan his grill room and calling for a privy table, we fell too on some toothsome devil crabbes with a good stoup of ale to boot and so lingered there a long time with earnest protestacions of lasting friendship.

¶ To the Office of State and was straightway brought to the presence of Mr. Moore, who did ask me sundry searching questions and at last demandeth for high reasons of State that I disavow any publick employment by the War Office since that the Secretary of State when beseeched to come to my relief in the days of mine imprisonment hath importuned the Embassadors of England and France, to depose with the King of Spain that I was no prying spy but innocent travelling gazeteer held captive in errour. Hence the Secretary of State doth deem it imperious that these foreign Embassadors be not led to believe that their good offices of mediation in my behalf be rendered to a mere luckless espion on bad faith and therefore did advise that I suffer the Secretary of War to make publick denial of my complicity with his Office. To all of this did I cheerfully say aye and so left Mr. Moore in high contentment. To the play house with my wife and there saw the *Pirates of Pensance*, a trifling opera, and ill sung.

*June*

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\* Washington Athletic Club.

## *Peypys's Ghost*

*June 14th.*—Up and to breakfast, my wife showing the War Office their publick denial in the penny gazette of my doings for them, as was duly set forth by the Secretary of State. So away and to the War Department to finish the business of my report. This done to their satisfaction Mr. Whitney, who was this day raised to a captaincy by order of the President, taketh me to General Alger, his office, and there presenteth me to Mr. Mason his under secretary, and was begged by him to await the coming of General Alger himself. Presently in cometh Mr. Hearst,\* and sitting him down beside me tells me how he is bent on going to the War, be it as commander of his own boat the *Bucaneer*, be it as a plain gazeteer and so is come to Washington to bring the business to an issue with the War Office. Anon comes General Alger, and I stepping aside in courtesy Mr. Hearst is bidden into his privy office. Their business ended to Mr. Hearst his contentment he biddeth me a hasty farewell, saying how he must forthwith prepare to sail for Cuba, and thus I am ushered into the privy office.

¶ General Alger prays that I be seated, the whilst he signeth some letters and at the same time sends forth his privy aide-de-camp to summon Gen'l Miles into the council chamber. Then did he present me to him as the Commanding General and so had some talke together, untill other matters pressing in between, General Miles he beareth me away with him to his own chamber and there I did render unto him what aid and assistance I could for his great project the seizure of Puerto Rico.

¶ At last when all is committed black on white, I  
be

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\* W. E. Hearst, Publisher of New York Journal and San Francisco Examiner.



be suffered once more to go forth and there found Capt. Whitney awaiting me in the hall way, eager to learn what passed between us, and tells me how there is some plan under foot to undo him but I made light of the matter. Whilst we still stand thus in earnest talke together a courier bringeth me a despatch from Lieutenant-Colonell Roosevelt bidding me follow his command in all haste to Cuba, his troopers sailing from Tampa that self same day.

¶ To the Ebbit Inne, mine head full of big projects and straunge mediacions untill after supper with my wife all is forgot over a highly formal invitaçion for us to be presented to the President at the White House, his official mansion, on the morrow.

*June 15th.*—Up late and made ready to go before the President, my wife prinking herself in her newe silken smocke of pearl gray, French heeled pattens and feather bonnet whilst I did don my skirted frock doublet with lackered shoen, and glossy beaver hatte, and so sallied forth and took coach to the White House. It did warm the cockles of my heart to be so handsomely received, both my wife and I, the President proving himself highly gracious to the ladyes and did plie me with many curious questions of the wealth and trade of Puerto Rico, more indeed than I could well answer. 'Tis manifest that his heart be set on seizing this Island and all other colonies of the Spanish King's dominions.

*June 16.*—Up betimes and wrote all morning until noon. After dinner to the War Office there to say farewell to my friends, above all Capt. Whitney. 'Tis all settled how he is to go with General Miles for the conquest of Puerto Rico.

¶ In the evening, did entertayn our friends at supper

## *Peppy's Ghost*

per, a passing good meal with a frolicksome cup of wine, whence to the play house to see ye olde musick piece of *Pinafore*. 'Twas but poorly played and worse sung and so said goodbye once more and so home to New York by the midnight post sleeping ill all the way.

*June 17th.*—Up early and late to bed writyng hard all day.

*June 18th.*—Wrote all day and sent finished tale to Dr. Shaw at his office on Astor Place.

*June 19th.*—This day come harassing reports of our marines their stiff fight agaynst Spanish bushwhackers on Guantanamo Hill and Surgeon Gibbs his brave death,\* but I hear all with but half an ear, deep in work on my long tale for Mr. Gilder.

*June 20th.*—Worked hard all day.

*June 21st.*—Up betimes and wrote long, finishing of my tale, and so by noon to Mr. Gilder his office on Union Square and read him my tale, he finding all good and to his taste, but for the exceeding length of it, and so sate me down at his desk and bravely shortened the tale by nigh one thousand wordes, though God forgive me it did make my scrivener's heart to bleed. This done Mr. Gilder and his helpmeet Mr. Underwood Johnson carry me away to dine with them at the Players' Guild on Gramercy Park, a good merry meal forsooth with merry company of playwrights and paynters to make it go down, but Lord, how the time passed us by, nor knew it not, till eventide befell. So home, and took great joy with my wife and children, the first I have had in many a day since this wretched war was begun.

*June*

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\* Promising young physician of New York, appointed first volunteer naval surgeon from New York by Theodore Roosevelt.

*June 22d.*—This day word reacheth us how our Army be landed in Cuba, with none lost in the hazard but a blackamoor trooper what slipped and fell into the sea nor knew how to save himself swimming, albeit Capt. O'Neill || of Colonell Roosevelt's staff strived hard to succor him, by dyving from the wharf. Some say the landing place be named Baiquiri, some have it Daiquiri, whilst others agayn hold it to be Agua-dores where British troops erstwhile did gain their first foothold, so confused and nonsensical are our newes from the War in the West Indies.

*June 24th.*—Up and to Doctor Albert Shaw his office on Astor Place to survey his printers' proofs of what I writ for his Gazette anent the Isle of Puerto Rico. Issuing hence and into Broadway the Evening Gazette is thrust before mine eyes and did there behold a piece of alarum newes printed in blood-red lettering of the Spaniards their ambuscade of our dismounted horse led by Wheeler\* and Wood† into a bosquet of guasimas trees, with great slaughter alike to friend and foe. There was done to death my whilom friend

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|| "Buck" O'Neil, the former sheriff of Prescott, Ariz. He was killed on July 1, 1898, a Spanish bullet striking him in the mouth.

\* Major-General Joseph Wheeler, U.S.V., commander of the Cavalry Division in the Spanish-American War and former major-general in the Confederate Army during the War of the Rebellion, where he earned all his steps and the sobriquet "Fighting Joe" as a cavalry leader.

† Brigadier-General Leonard Wood, then colonel of the First Volunteer Cavalry, better known as the "Rough Riders." Later he was appointed governor of the Province of Santiago.

friend and crony Ham Fish,† whom last I saw what time he did ply a winning oar with his col-edge crewe in the boat races under Poughkeepsie bridge. These newes did so arouse me, that I plainly see how I can here abide no longer, but must follow my bent to go to the warres, for which God forgive me and my poore wife what setteth such store by me. Yet, this hath ever been fast implanted in my hearte that if mine own people be drawn into warring on other peoples I must needs take a hand in the fray nor can I draw back now that this thing hath indeed come to pass. So I in all haste did wend my way to Bart Arkell § his office and did plead with him to send me forth agayn as his battelle gazeteer, but he set himself agaynst it complayning bitterly of money troubles, yet I so mad to go, he at last calleth in Mr. Sleicher,|| who doth consent that I have my way but would fain have me go with no other stipend but what would be my due were I to take no further hazard. To this could I never consent, no not for my wife her sake, so leaving them with apologetick wordes, I went straightway to the river front, to Mr. Collier,\* his printing house, and did there find his son Bob † in the act of having his hair trimmed. Beholding him thus held fast, whence he could nowise elude me, I did unfold to him mine intent of following the command of Colonell Roosevelt, and freely offered him my services.

*When*

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† Hamilton Fish, Jr., sergeant of Troop L, First Volunteer Cavalry, a noted college athlete and society beau of New York City.

§ Publisher of *Leslie's Weekly*.

|| Editor-in-chief of same publication.

\* Peter Fenelon Collier, publisher.

† Robert J. Collier, editor of *Collier's Weekly*.

¶ *When dost mean to start on thy voyage to Santiago?* quoth he. *On the morrow, quoth I, an thou makest no stint of travel allowance.*

¶ *Go forth and do thine utmost,* quoth he. *Thou be'est a fellow after mine own hearte,* and therewith giveth me a voucher for £150, and so I left him still seated in his privy barber chair, truly a man with a quick wit and a quick open hand to do its bidding.

¶ Thence I to Fulton Wharf, where the swift cruiser *St. Paul* lieth moored, and there coming across Mr. Reuterdahl, the marine draughtsman do persuade him to return with me on board the shippe and there on the gang plank he did present me to Nick Kane,† whom I last saw when he was commodore of the Sailing Masters' League,§ but is now entered into this war as Capt. Sigsbee his flag lieutenant, and is clearly fitted to go into the Navy, he having learned his trade of the sea while still a little midshipman on a man-o'-war's deck. So the Dansk artist doth leave me with him, but did privily lay a wager against me that Captain Sigsbee would nevermore receive me on board his shippe. Lieutenant Kane on hearing of my wish straightway layeth my request before Captain Sigsbee, with great courtesy and so getteth his captain to agree to take me with him on the morrow an I would but obtayn the consent of the Lord High Admiral of the Navy. This was I nothing loath and did forthwith despatch a message to the Navy Office.

¶ This done I home and there broke the newes to mine wife and little children, in sooth a sad leave taking and such as I shall never undergo another time

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† Nicholson Kane, a noted yachtsman and former naval officer.

§ New York Yacht Club.

time, I trow, no never, so God grant I come home from this Warre safe and sound agayn.

*Independence Day.*—This morning come more newes of battles fought agaynst the Spaniard on land and sea, with great slaughter and utter defeat of our enemy wherever he be found. On land Colonell Roosevelt with his rough-ready cavaliers fighting in the guise of foot souldiers side by side with our blackamoor troopers did wrest the chiefest stronghold of the Spaniard away from him by his mad onslaught up Monte San Juan, what meaneth the hill of our blessed Saint John the Apostle in the Iberian tongue nor would he be denied untill his troopers' guidon flags did fly from the top of the castello where erstwhile was planted the red and gold standard of Léon and Castille. There lost we many a good cavalier, foremost of all brave Colonell Wikoff and Captain Buck O'Neill, of Colonell Roosevelt's light horse, who was laid low by a musket shot striking home into his mouth even as he was boasting to his comrades how the Spaniard did not live that could bring him to his death. In sooth a fearthsome refutation of his vain glorious wordes, yet pittypfull so gallant a spirit should fall in such manner at the very hour of his greatest honour. But it did warm the cockles of my heart to hear of the noble bearing of that game old fighting cocke, Gen'l Wheeler, who though ailyng grievously from Cuban fever would not suffer the chirurgeans to attend him, but bravely led his men into to do battell as was his wont in the days when he did harrass the tribesmen from the Northern borders that went forth to wage war on the chivalry of the Southland.

¶ All these prettie frays on land be as naught beside the noble sea fight won by our fleet over the Spanish

Spanish Armada off Castel Morro, whereby each and every one of their battle ships was brought to wrack and ruin and the Spanish Almirante, Marquis de Cervera, with a round thousand of his officers and seamen made prisoners. 'Tis a matter of common remark how both fights be won by our common souldiers and tarpaulins with their pettie officers, but no help from those on high, the commandant of the army lying sick in his tent, and our Admiral cruising away from his fleet at the hour of battle. Thus all honour of the victory be fallen to Commodore Schley, who did lead the sea fight as second-in-command, albeit all men know our ships had done no worse had both Admirals lain at the bottom of the sea, as is made plain beyond all peradventure by the mad assault of our sloop of war *The Gloucester* that erstwhile cruised the high seas as a Corsair, uponne two Spaniards all at once, her captain Commander Wainwright fighting each Spaniard to a stand still and the stryking of his colours, nor even waited for orders from any one on high to do his bidding. Therefore I hear much evil talke of Admiral Sampson his overleaping ambition in claiming the whole share of the victory for himself alone, when in sooth he hath had no part in it save mayhap the planning of our shippes their several places and his own vain pursuit of the Spanish flagship *El Gran Almirante Cristobal Colon*, that was already fallen a prey to the long guns of our good ship *Oregon*, with the Commodore his flagship and the *Texas* coming after in her wake. The Spaniard having no big guns fit to match our fleet cruisers hounding him to his death, did first stryke his colours and then wrack his shippe on the shore thus foyling our men of the fruits of their long chase. 'Twas a coward's trick, leastwise so say most honest sailors men. Such

¶ Such brave newes coming altogether on this our holiday, do indeed turn the heads of our good people and make them lecherous for the utter downfall of the Spaniard, but most of all mine own selfe, who am nigh beside myself to take a hand in it and so will brook no further delay, no, not if I must find me another shippe to bear me Southward. To-night, therefore, will I once more hie me to Washington to see what may be done for me at the Navy Office.

*July 5.*— Up late in the Washington relay house after a hot night spent sleeping in the fast despatch coach. So made haste to walk to the Navy Office, nor tarried even to barely breakfast and so reached there in such good season that I found but few of the clerks at their places leastwise not at the Navigation Chamber, and so sate me down to await Commodore Crowninshield \* his coming. Presently he cometh in very late and was forthwith accosted by me, I enquiring of him when the next shippe was to sail. He feigned exceeding wonder thus to behold me and quotha *Methought you was on board our good shippe Saint Paulus, what saileth this very day for Cuba.*

¶ I did protest to him how I knew it not, having been purposely kept in darkness, but he denied it and said furthermore how 'twas too late now ever to catch her again.

¶ *Then will I trie my uttermost to foil you say* I in high anger and so turned on my heel and straightway hied me back to the relay station in bare time to demand a seat on the fast return coach to Gotham and so back once more exceeding wroth yet fearthsome lest the *Saint Paulus* sail away without me, and he have spoken true.

¶ On the coach with me was an officer of General

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\* Chief of Navigation Bureau in Navy Department.



eral Guy Henry his staff, who did likewise mean to go aboard the same shippe, so he and I did comfort one another, till late past the hour of noon we drew into Jersey town, and 'lighting in haste foregathered in the ferryman's boat whence we could plainly see the *Saint Paulus* warping out into the stream from the other side all ready to out of the Narrows West-Indy ward. So hailed a waterman and had him bring us alongside the cruiser where she lay and so boarded her by a rope ladder lowered for us by one of her sea men.

*July 8th.*—Up early, ere day light, summoned upon deck by call to quarters, and there beheld the crewe running to their guns and the officers standing by with swordes and pistolet in hand spying seaward, a brave sight that made my blood to tingle for combat. Eftsoon Mr. Sprague† doth join me on the quarter deck and upon enquiry from Gen'l Henry,‡ strutting on the bridge next to Capt. Sigsbee made shift to learn how a man o' war be sighted in the offing, the light to puzzlesome yet to make out his colours. So bore down upon him, all hands ready to belay him, but the smoke clearing somewhat made the shippe out to be one of our own cruisers making for port with despatches from the Admiral, nor tarried in her course to pay much heed to our signals, her Captain content to fly one signal from his mizzen the which rightly translated was found to read *All well at Santiago*. Thereat much rejoycing on board, most of all amongst Col. Dick's men,§ but methought a trifle

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† Howard Sprague, marine and war artist for the *Century Magazine*. He died shortly after his return from cruising in the West Indies.

‡ General Guy V. Henry, later American military governor of Puerto Rico.

§ Eighth Ohio Volunteers.

trifle overmuch for souldiers lusting for the fray. Mr. Sprague plucking me by the sleeve, I follow him into the Quartermaster's cabin and sate us down there in the darkness within, no light nor firebrand whatsoever suffered on this cruise by Capt. Sigsbee, and George Lynch,|| the chronicler joyning our merry company did fall into deep discourse of the causes of this war and what may still befall if the Spaniard be not speedily brought to his knees. Some talke arising on the sheer fighting qualities of our men and theirs, Dick Webb,\* the Quartermaster doth lay great stress on the superior breed of the men behind our guns, and upon some slighting disparagement from Mr. Lynch, he waxeth highly wroth and for to prove his wordes doth bid us follow him to the stokers' hatch and there summons forth three stokers by name as grimy and besooted devils as ever I did behold, and there before their very faces he proclaimeth to us how these wretched varlets be in truth gentlemen born and bred who have but taken up with this dogges' life to have a share in the war for the glory of it. Then did Mr. Lynch cry out in amazement and eagerly clasping each by his horny hand, called them rummy boys, but I plying them with further questions was astonied to learn that they be colledge taught lads, one having took his degree at Sir William Penn his coledge,† another at the University of California and the third proud of his sheep's skin that he bore away with him from the ancient coledge of William and Mary in the Virginias. So stood we some while in converse, they telling us of their hard life in the bottom of the ship

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|| War correspondent for *London Chronicle*.

\* Richard H. Webb, third officer on American liner *St. Paul*, then serving in the Volunteer Navy.

† University of Pennsylvania.

ship for ever more feeding her red hot fires to make them burn hotter still, like unto the spirits of the damned in their hell holes, untill it secretly shamed me to stand before them so idle an fellow yet daintily dressed in white linen, clean shaven and well fed. So, when mess call was sounded I mighty glad for one to come away and break fast with the officers at their mess table.

¶ Our converse at table falling on these same young sailor lads what left the fair halls of Academe to bury them alive in the coal black belly of a ship, and Master Lynch bestowing upon them and theyr ilk all manner of praise, Colonell Dick doth toss his black locks scornfullike and proclaimeth that there be two men serving with his regiment in the guise of common souldiers here aboard this ship, what be not only college bred gentlemen but blood cozens to the High Commander-in-chief of all our Armies and Navies, President McKinley. Hearing this I did sally forth upon the deck and jostling my way through the souldiers crowding hungry like about the ship's galley, I come upon young Philips, son of the whilom clerk to our High Civil Service Board,† and did ask him how about this tale that the nephews of our President be serving in the ranks of his regiment. He, very civil, doth lead me to where some boxes be stored behind one of the after guns, and there calling aloud to two rude clowns perched high upon a box eating their gruel from out one wretched tin cup, doth present each in turn to me as Gig Barber and Jim McKinley blood cozens to one another and both having Major William McKinley for Uncle. Whereat secretly I marvelled greatly, and did conceive a better liking for the Chief of our Nation and his kinsfolk,

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† Lee Philips, secretary of New York Civil Service Commission.

kinsfolk, but outwardly gave no sign of wonderment but laughed and jested merrily with the two souldier lads until Sprague passing by our way must needs make a counterfeit presentment of us there leaning agaynst the shining barrel of the after gun pointed out to seaward. §

¶ To-night the lookout in the crow's nest did show to me a small island shore in the offing, and told me how this be the true place where the great navigator Sir Cristopher Columbus first set foot on the Newe World. ||

*July 9.*—This morning we lay to off some high hills, with green slopes coming even to the water's edge, that some say be Altares and others again Aguadores where British sailormen did make their first assault upon Santiago an hundred years ago and more, but found it to be a mean noisome hamlet known here-to-lands by the name of Siboney. In the offing lay our fleet with brave canonading to and fro between them and Castle Morro, such being the name meseemeth of all Spanish strongholds strutting out into sea. Then Captain Sigsbee he hath me up to the bridge, and doth enquire of me whether I still so eager the first to land and on my telling him yea doth order a boat to be made ready for me at once. The quartermaster, him that I drunk grogge with yestereen, runs to fetch for the captain some gazettes and epistles to Mr. Roosevelt he did constrain me to carry with me much against my will, and Lieutenant Kane\* he giveth me a kind letter to his brother

*Enough  
Peters*

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§ This picture was later reproduced in the pages of *Collier's Weekly*, with the erroneous caption, "Three War Correspondents." || Watling's Island.

\* Nicholson Kane, ex-commodore of New York Yacht Club, then serving as flag lieutenant aboard the United States steamship *St. Paul*.

brother Woodbury,† serving with Wood and Roosevelt's Rough Riders. So I into the gig, after a last farewell to all I knew on board, and with a yo-ho and a long pull the sailor lads pulled for the shore with the dinne of cannonading grow-ing ever louder in our ears. 'Fore we could lay to at an old rotten wharf, where all our army was landed, not counting those what first went ashore further up the coast called Daiquiri, an officer on shore bids us wait until some wounded troopers be laid away in the spittle ship's ‡ small boats and a horrid sight I never did see than these poor spoiled men, swaddled in their bloody bandages, one poor wretch with half of his countenance shot away and another pierced clean through the belly, yet, poor wretches, smiling kindly at me and bid me beware how I go unattended to the front of the fighting, whereat I answered showing them my dag in its holster hanging from my belt. Anon cometh Sylvester Scovel\* down to the water's edge, eager for to ship his despatches with some outgoing ship, and knowing one another from the days we met in Key West before the war outbroke, he showeth me sundry foul huts up the hill where Ned Marshal § lay nursing his wound since he was struck down in the first charge at the fight in the Guasimas trees. In pity I did clamber up a narrow mule path leading thereto, but found not Ned Marshall, howsoever a goodly company of  
other

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† Woodbury Kane, captain of K Troop, First Volunteer Cavalry. Well-known amateur yachtsman.

‡ Hospital ship *Resolute*.

\* War correspondent for New York *World* who achieved a *succes de scandal* by his personal encounter with General Shafter.

§ Edward Marshall, war correspondent for the New York *Journal*.

other gazeteers, lying like unto swine in their sties, and will surely all die from the yellow fever unless haste be made to fire the foul fever stench'd huts as hath been decreed by the army surgeons.|| Eftsoons am I joined by one Master Herndon, the artist stone chiseller what came along on our ship as a stowaway and then was let off from all punishment thanks to his grandsire's good name, and he doth entreat me to take him with me to Colonell Roosevelt his headquarters confessing privily to me how all he hath done be to that one end so he may carve a graven image of Theodore Roosevelt from the clay of the very battlefield where his laurels were won. Truly this be a madcap venture, but since he plead with me so earnestly, I did make a good face to it, and so we two set out along the wagon trail guided on our way by the rattle of musquets and cannonading in the hills beyond us. A blackamoor muleteer driving his team o' four furiously up behind us, we did parley with him for to give us a ride, and on promise of some dried tobacco plant, he gladly took us up, and so rode on our way perched high on his loadful of boxes with musquet bullets for our men enfilading the Spaniard in his trenches. Soon we came out in a clearing and there beheld some poor headboards stuck up for crosses to mark the spot where the first of the Rough Riders fell, and alighting did find all the ground underfoot strewn with the Spaniards their bullets and the trees roundabout grievously frayed from the fierce fight. In sooth, where I stood nigh to the spot in which poor Ham Fish was shot to death, 'twas plain to be seen that the Spaniard

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|| The decree was carried into effect two days later, when all the huts were burned and a yellow fever hospital established further up in the hills.

Spaniard had held the vantage of ground and had not been dislodged from his hiding place but for the mad onslaught of our men caught in such hellish death trap.

¶ The noise of battelle nigh bursting mine ears we did once more clamber to ye wagon perch and laid the lash on the mules their backs for to make them run their utmost, lest we fall a prey to sharpshooters hidden in the tops of trees on the high hillside and so came clattering up to General Shafter his headquarters, in the heart of the woods. But the blackamoor did grumble and cry out agaynst the orders of them in power what made him go sans even a pistolet wherewith to defend his life, he and his ilk not being ranked as souldiers albeit receaving nearly the same pay. So came we to General Shafter his headquarters, hidden in the woods a league's length from the field of battelle, and there found the General nursing his gouty leg on a tree stump attended by Colonell Jack Astor in under drawers, his soyled breeches hanging from a bush to dry in the sun. Master Herndon, he would scarce beleave this to be indeed the commanding General's pavillion, no flag or standard marking the spot, and not a guard even to stand sentinelle, but I knowing Jack Astor well by sight did approach him, and gave into his hand the letter I bore from General Alger, chief of the War Office, commending me to the courtesy of all officers and souldiers afield. Gen'l Shafter then did bid me welcome but excused him from further wordes saying how the fight was on and bid me make haste to the front if perchance I be bent to get into the thick of it. Then Master Herndon he did accost the Generalissimo telling him of his sires that fought in the army and other such like talke till issuing thence  
I heard

I heard a voice from the thicket calling me by name and turning thither came upon the tent of Malcolm MacDowell,† the Scotch war writer, squatting there in the high grass with his friend Harris,† what sailed with the Rough Riders but now lay sick unto death with swamp ague, raving in his fever of his part in the fight amongst the Guasima trees. With them was a Cubano bond servant, a swart evil looking churl, yet well dispositioned, who did pour us out a cup of their rank country brandy, what they call aguardiente the English whereof is burning water. Thus cheered on our errand we came away from hence, guided on our way by the ever louder roaring noise of cannonading and musquetry, in front, and by sundry wounded men and stragglers seeking the rear.

¶ Coming to a ford with deep water, which one trooper did call by the name of bloody bend, I marvelled to see such wealth of good raiment and weapons strewn round about, a blanket here and there a haversack or sidearm enough to stack an arsenal. Whilst we still stood in debate how to ford the stream whether to swim it or wade all cloathed and shod, there cometh the sound of near-by musquetry and from overhead fall leaves and branches cleft in twain by leaden balls striking through the thick leafage. We had scarce swum the ford when lo there cometh down the road a souldier with blood streaming down his countenance from a gaping gash in his pate where he had been struck on the head by a canister from a grenade standing by the long cannon of the Rough Riders the which, he said, was most bravely handled by Lieutenant Borrowe, the self same gentleman methinks who was challenged to mortal combat by Mr. Drayton what time he found him

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† War correspondents for the *Chicago Record*.



him in his lady's bed chamber in France. The souldier, quotha *Every time Borrowe shot of his long gun at the hillside where the Spanish gunners did work their field pieces, we could see mud, blood and corruption flying up from their trenches. I was so tickled to watch 'em that I just stood by, as one spell bound, till a piece of lead came flying along and knocked me head over heels.*

¶ Anon I see riding down from the firing line a fair haired man on a good roan horse who coming nigh unto us, did prove to be Master Armstrong, § him that I did sit with cheek by jowl what time we did both write our screeds at the sign of the Sun, and shewed such delight to behold me that haste as he must to forward his despatches, he nathless drew rein and dismounting did shake me heartily by the hand and so bid me God speed, with word how to reach Colonell Roosevelt's fighting troopers and then to horse again and spurred his steed to run his utmost. We pressing onward incontinently came upon a field spittal, with sick men stretched side by side in the grass, bleeding and horrid wounded, and one poor yellow fevered wretch belching forth the black vomit that betokeneth certain death, but tarried not, till we were in the midst of our souldiery, every musquetier discharging each his piece as if bent upon outshooting the foe, whom none could see, the Spanish arquebuses making no gray smoke, nor could we find our goal in the turmoil, till a courier riding by did direct us to follow along the earthworks ever more to the right and so find the dismounted troopers fighting with their carbines at the furthest end of the line. Eftsoons the turmoil of bataille cometh to a lull, a white flag

rising

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§ H. E. Armstrong, war correspondent for the New York Sun.

rising over the Spanish generalissimo his pavillion, and whence we stood I could plainly see a small white flag on a high staff borne by one of their officers on horseback fluttering its way towards our lines, for them to parley for a let or truce in our onslaught. Whilst they parleyed we made our way to the Rough Riders their lines. There found I Colonell Roosevelt and his men pitching their tents on the very hill side they had wrested from the Spaniard, the place bearing the name of St. John.

¶ *Ha, quotha Colonell Roosevelt gritting his teeth. Thou here. What can I do for thee?* Then did I tell him how I was still bent on following his standard, whereat he did show his teeth and laugh.

¶ *I need men saith he and shall be only too glad to take thee in. Thou beest the right sort o' fellow,* and asketh me what guidon bearer I would fain follow.

¶ *Of your men,* quoth I, *those best known to me one and all follow after Mr. Kane || and his guidon and so would I too* whereon Colonell Roosevelt did call loudly through the open flap of his pavillion for Captain Kane, *Captain Kane*, and thereby learned I to my secret wonder and contentment that Woody Kane now be raised one step to a captaincy, my letters to him all reading to Lieutenant Kane. He having come up, Colonell Roosevelt presenteth me to him as one gentleman to another, and suffereth me tell him my own heart's desire, whereat the Capt. grips me heartily by the hand and biddeth me sup and bide the night with him in his own tent. There were we joined by a swart little officer, Señor Luna \* by  
name

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|| Woodbury Kane, well-known yachtsman and gentleman rider, he serving as captain of K Troop, First Volunteer Cavalry.

\* Maximiliano Luna, captain.

name and supped right merrily by candlelight, a grim visaged Rough Rider bringing us our food on green leaves of weeds but no better fare an some sailors' hard tack and three bits of raw bacon what the souldiers call sow belly. Supper over, it lasting but some moments, Capt. Kane he calls up Lieutenants Tiffany and Ferguson to-day promoted to officers for bravery, but their commissions not come yet, and biddeth them take charge of me as a new trooper, the which they did pleasantly and with exceeding courtesy treating me in all things as a gentleman whereat I marvelled greatly in mine innermost heart, but glad that it was so. Lieut. Ferguson, whom they say is a Scottish cozen to Colonell Roosevelt did turn over to me his carabine and bullet belt and I in turn gave him my dag all loaded and primed, he having the guard that night and so went into the trenches to take our post.

¶ 'Twas indeed a prettie sight to stand in the gun pits with a primed carabine between the hands and so gaze over to the Spaniard his lines and over them down into the strong town of Santiago, with houses paynted in dyverse colours, blue, pink and yellow, here and there a light flicking in the empty streets. My pleasance lasted not overlong, rain soon pouring down a-filling the rifle pits with water nearly knee high and thus I stood drenched to the skin in the dark but was relieved at last and summoned to the captain's pavillion. There lay long, under a horrid gust of rain fall, wetter than ever I knew before nor God willing shall agayn behold, water flowing over and through us every where, till all were drenched like water rats.

¶ In the middle of the night, when the storm was roaring incontinently, of a sudden there be heard shots from the front, then more shots and exchange

change of musquetry all along our lines, whereon Capt. Kane, he arouseth him with an murderous oath and buckles to him his sword and so strideth out into the black rain fall and I after him with my carabine ready in mine hands to shoot. So reached the advance line and there took my post in the water, with shots into the dark now and anon till the morrow came and were called off by a bugle, the Spaniard his white flag still flying and all a horrid mistake wherefrom three dead in our lines and many more wounded.

*July 10th.*—This morning took mine oath as a souldier and was mustered into the ranks for one of Colonell Roosevelt's troopers. Capt. Kane he asketh me whether I would still withdraw afore mine taking of the oath, but on my telling him nay, gripped me once more by the hand and then bid me go forth to forage for a blanket, shoen and all else I might need. Master Herndon he did depart in haste to-day, driving away in a wagon with the surgeon's mate † and a big trooper, Cook by name, an Englishman they say, who did loose his commission as one of the Queen her officers for raiding into the South Afric land of the Holland Burghers at Sir Cecil Rhodes' behest.‡

*July 11th.*—More parleys and palavers, some saying how the Archbishop of Santiago would issue forth at the head of all his clergy and holy sisters, the which made our troopers what had seen no pettie coat in many a day strayn their eyes incontinently for to behold the nuns but no avayl. Some shots sounding this way and that but none knew whether it be that the Spaniards did fire them or mayhap the Illinoy volunteers even this day come up to the front. *July*

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† Assistant Surgeon Dr. Donaldson, ill with yellow fever.

‡ Reference to the Jamieson raid *fiasco* in 1897.

*July 12th.*—'Tis settled we are to have more truce and lasting armistice; old Gen'l Wheeler parleying with the Spanish Generalissimo the best part of this day. Yet some say how Gen'l Miles, our chief captain be landed in Cuba to come forward and take all settlements from the hands of Gen'l Shafter.

*July 13th.*—This day sundry poor women and their babes came dragging into our lines, sick to death with fever and hunger. One I saw stretched prone on the grass to weak to lift her head, and was in pittie moved to give her all of my ration for sustenance.

*July 15th.*—We lying in the trenches all day, heartsick and weary of this armistice, Craig Wardsworth,§ commanding the guard, doth stretch him out to rest. Eftsoons, the whilst I be cleaning the gun locke of my carabine-arquebuse, Colonell Roosevelt cometh striding along the length of our trench, and with him his friend Doctor Wood,|| our erstwhile colonell but now charged with command of all our brigade. Mr. Roosevelt he presenteth me to Mr. Wood, who doth take me kindly by the hand with all manner of questions on mine eye sight, I wearing a binockle this day, and if my stomach take aught of contentment in this our daily fare of sailors' hard tack and rashers of bacon. To this I gave what civill answer I could, the meanwhile thrusting some dry clods of earth at Master Craig, to arouse him where he lay concealed in the bushes. Anon the Colonell doth espy him, aroused and rubbing his eyen, and doth forthwith accost him in a loud voice with enquiry what he be doing there, but  
Craig

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§ Noted steeple-chase rider and polo player.

|| General Leonard Wood, subsequently appointed military governor of Santiago de Cuba.

Craig did turn away aught of wrath, with civill reply how he had but been resting in the shade, and so all were content, Craig Wadsworth fearthsome for a while lest he loose all chance for promoçion. At even tide cometh the sound of many cheers and incontinent noyse amongst the men, and we being relieved from our guard in the trenches did hasten thitherward and so arrived there within good time to behold generalissimo Miles riding the length of the lines, with officers and troopers clattering after for his escort.

*July 16th.*—This day it be prophesied by all how a lasting armistice be surely brewing, but we kept none the less at guard in the earthworks. By noon of the day, we having come off guard, I and all others but those out of sight in theyr carbine pits did behold the sorriest sight that ever I did see. All ye poor wommen, old grand sires and little babes that had fled the city of Santiago what time we threatened to assail the stronghold now forsooth came wandering back over the same road, eager to find once more theyr homesteads, having encountered naught but misery, hunger and yellow jack fever the whilst they lay in the fields about Caney awaitening the end of all. There were mothers with littil babes suckling at theyr empty breasts, tottering old cronies and Spanish gentlefolk of haughty mien clad in rags and foot-sore with here and there a stately coach of the mightiest of the land blundering through the thick throng. For a small bite of rough sailors' hard tack held on high all these poor folk would scramble hither and thither falling over one another in their pityful plight, and many a proud morena glad to yield her honesty by the road side for fair promises of a meal from a trooper's haversack. ¶ Whilst this sorry company was thronging the highway

highway to Santiago, encumbering our lines from the rear and stryving to enter the Spanish defences over a cunning spiked wire entanglement where was to be our pitfall should our bugles blow to the assault, our High Commissioners on either side were deep in parley under the self same high saiba tree how now to deal with these poor famished folk that would not be denied. So in the end, the Spaniards, since the loss of theyr fleet having given up all hope of succour from without, did grudgingly promise to yield themselves on the morrow, and by this theyr action cleared the way for the refugees to enter the city. All that day and late into the night did these poor folk stagger on their way through our lines, some falling in theyr tracks and giving up the ghost by the way side, fit to make our hearts burst asunder.

*July 17th.*— This morn, at sun rise, Capt. Kane espying me where I sate in the wet grass feasting mine eyes on the fair sight of all this valley and hills clustered with king palms and high cocoanut-trees, bids me arise and take the guard where the road from Caney maketh a cut through our earth-works with a sharp turn into the valley beyond sun-dering our firing line from the fore front of the foe. ¶ *'Tis the last stand,* quoth Captain Kane, *of the refugee women 'fore they enter the Spaniard his lines, and thou must needs keep strict vigil over all that enter lest some mishap befall. Bid a halt to all able-bodied men be they souldiers or otherwise and disarm them that bear aught of arms.* So speaking, he went his way whilst I taking up my arms and accoutrements betook myself to the mess tent and there filled mine haversack with all hard tack and eatables mine hands could lay on, knowing full well how every crumb were needful to still the mouths of them trudging theyr way homeward.

In

In sooth scarce had I taken my stand under a great mango tree but starved women and children clustered about me, lifting up theyr hands in prayer for food, so that giving but the smallest morsel to each yet my store lasted not even a bare half hour and was shamed in the end by beholding two fair señoritas grovelling at my feet to scratch up the crumbs that fell from my haversack. So was I sore distressed, and sad in my heart at such pityful misery of the warres, the sick and dying thrusting themselves upon the ground in the midst of the road, nor would stir even to the shade of the roadside despite my stern commands or fair entreaties. Anon cometh a sleek well caparisoned youth astride a noble courser, with ivory handled dag in his belt and sword hanging by his side.

¶ Him did I disarm, even to his poke pistolet and poignard and when he would fain make outcry bid him harshly dismount and he doing so with exceeding ill grace, I did lift into his saddle a poore old man standing by and his grandchild in arms, whereat the Cubano gentleman maketh a damned black face.

¶ Anon cometh the Cubanos theyr generalissimo Calixtus Garcia escorted by his staff of merry gentlemen and could scarce beleave theyr eares when I bade them halt, and did acquaint them with my order to let no armed men pass unchallenged. The Generalissimo his aide-de-camp making high remonstrance in the French tongue, I was in the end coaxed to let a souldier bear his entreaties to our headquarters but eftsoons the trooper returneth with an ill writ screed the which bore plain orders signed by the Generalissimo of our own forces forbidding all and any Cubano officers from entry into the fallen citye. Thereat the



the Cubano generalissimo waxed exceeding wroth and fell to cursing in the Iberian tongue, the young hot bloods amongst them fingering their machetes which is the Castilian for claymore, but I stood stock still with my derringer full loaded and primed till the Generalissimo himself putteth an end to our parley, of a suddain wheeling his horse about and riding off a-galopp thither whence he had come his gentlemen following after him hot spur. By this time was the ground all around me strewn with forlorn and ayling refugee folk, and I at a losse how to deal with them, and so feigning high anger the better to veil mine exceeding pitye for them, bade them all begone and so cleared the way for more to come. More heart wrenching sights did I never before behold, nor ever will agayn if God but suffer me to depart from this accursed soyl. One small lad there was, nigh of the age of mine own boy at home, what was left lonely and forlorn in the midst of the throng, who on my enquiries in the Castilian tongue, did reveal to me midst sobbes and teares how he be indeed an orphaned child, his Cubano father shot to death in the warres and his mother now fallen prey to yellow fever and yestereen died of it. Him could I no wise shake off, the lad clinging to me for alle my sterne wordes and grim visage and so sent him privily to my tent mate with a secret message from me to give the lad food and drink and treat him kindly for mine own sake, as much as might be in his power which God knows be scant enough.

¶ The sunne having risen nigh unto high noon, and very hot, I did fall to counting my stock of looted arms heaped up by the roadside, knowing how the time be ripe for the new guard to releave me. Whilst still fingering one and another of the  
passing

passing strange weapons fallen to my lot, I did espy a horseman spurring down the road, on a nimble nag, and so ran out into the highway pistolet in hand lest he dash me bye unawares and so brought him to a halt at the very point of mine arquebuse. Then lo and behold I found him to be mine old friend Master Armstrong \* and he did blaze forth in wrath when I bid him surrender his dag to me, but found to his sorrow there was no help to it, though God knoweth 'twas a bitter hour when I must put such shame on mine own friend, albeit I did promise him how he should have his pistolet returned to him if perchance he agayne ride my way, and forebore to search him for other armes, nor feigned to see the pistol holster behind his back. Master Armstrong, putting a sweet face on a sour duty doth tell me how he hath it straight from the Sign of the Sunne, whomfore he writheth his despatches, how the Spaniard will yield him and all his forces to us this very noon, and so explaineth his haste to spur away to behold the surrender.

¶ So he rideth his way, leaving his pistolet in mine hands, and I beholding the newe officer of the guard come to releave me do run to meet him half way, and briefly giving him countersign and pass word, and what were the orders of the day. So set off hot foot to find mine appointed place in the ranks on the very top of our hill, what we stormed from the Spaniards, thence to behold the Castille ensign over theyr stronghold below us give way to our own flag. Thereat arose a mighty cheer and hallooing from our men, nathless Colonell Roosevelt had earnestly ordered us to keep silence, yet we made so loud a noyse he was perforce dragged into it himself, wayving his battered

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\* See previous note concerning this war correspondent.

battered bonnet aloft even like unto the rest of us, and thus did I come to loose mine only smokyng pipe which I carried stuck into mine hat brim, in sooth an irreparable loss to me.

*July 18th.*—Up betimes, an order having gone forth from Gen'l Wood, our old time Colonell, to march high up into the hills, there to be the safer from all fevers, and temptings of loot in the conquered town now lying open before us. So amidst many sore grumblings from the men, we did march our long way back along the trail trodden but erstwhile. So made our weary way through El Caney and close under the hill of Saint Michael, where Capt. Capron, his gunners, made theyr last stand untill the hour of theyr gallant captain his death, him what was the father of our own brave captain Capron what fell fighting at the fore front of our troopers in the batelle under the Guasimas trees. Here did we halt at last and pitch our camp, Lieutenant Tiffany shewing me how to drive home my tent pegs and pull all taught and tight.

*Lord's Day.*—This morning we all lined up for to shew whether our swordes and arquebuses be not rusted nor bended out of theyr right shape, Colonell Roosevelt cocking his binockled eye into the muzzle of even the smallest pistolet and did think he would knock all breath from my bodye what time he thrust my accoutrements back into mine arms roughly and agaynst my chest. Whilst I be still fetching for breath, Colonell Roosevelt he beholdeth my new found troopers togs and doth warm the cockles of mine heart by his open praise for my rough readiness. When all was over and we returned to our quarters Mr. Brown,†  
the

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† The Rev. Dr. Brown, regimental chaplain to First Volunteer Cavalry.

the parson, holdeth a service on the hill side where the Spaniard his big guns made theyr stand, and there did make a long prayer for them of us what had been shot and others that lay buried on the field of battalle, saying how no good troopers could wish a better death. *Amen, amen* said each of the Rough Riders, even them amongst us that believe neither in the Lord his Heaven above nor the Devil's own Hell below. After service be over, Colonell Roosevelt espying me biddeth me to his own pavillion and there tells me how he would fain send me to the headquarters of Joe Wheeler, our foremost generalissimo, him having sore need of the services of a gentleman on his staff what could ayd him in the wrytyng of his report to the Government and a book he hath in mind thereon.†

¶¶ So Mr. Roosevelt having give me leave to depart from our own regiment for the nonce, I did report incontinently at our General Headquarters, and there found the generalissimo bending sore troubled over the bedside of his own son sick unto death from fever-ague. Eftsoon, he being summoned from his tent to parley with the King of Spain his Commissioners, our old general with a shake in his voice doth entreat me to watch well over his son, the which I did, sitting all day at the dying man's bedside, thrusting a green palm leaf hither and thither over his blenched face the better to ward off all mettlesome gnats and tarrantules.

¶¶ 'Twas late of the night that the generalissimo did return and rejoiceth greatly to find his lad breathing better and asleep. So bid me sup with him and the other gentlemen of his staff, but I would

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† History of Spanish War, later issued by Wolfe & Lamson, of Boston.

would not have it and so supped apart with Mr. Leonhardus Wilson, § his privy clerk.

*Monday.*—Up betimes and hearing the sentry call halt upon the road, hastily hied me thither and there found the generalissimo's own daughter, on an army horse and riding a trooper's saddle as it were her own, and so conducted her through the high grass to our headquarters pavillion. 'Twas in sooth a moving sight to behold the girl fling herself over her sick brother to nurse and pet him in such comely manner as be known to woman only. Her father, knowing naught of his daughter her bold venture into Cuba would fain chide her for her madcap prank but she made short shrift of all remonstrance telling him how she had risked all on hearing a common report of her father his sore illness on the first day of battle what time he did refuse to be colly-moddled in any field spittal, but led on our troops, cheering to victory though ayling privily, nigh unto death. So did this brave and fair mayd spend all day long with us, till dusk falling her father bid her depart from the camp, nor would give ear to her hot entreaties to spend the night at her brother's bedside. So had a horse made ready for her, and giving her a lift in her saddle, I did mount another by her side, and so put spurs to our horses and rode from camp out into the night, General Wheeler shouting after me to give good heed to his daughter. ¶ Verily 'twas a sweet ride through the forests and fields, over the old Caney road, the moon shining brightly over our heads and much prettie prattle from the girl, till in the end she doth ask me to sing her a true souldier's song. So sang aloud mine own song.

Black

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§ Leonard Wilson, private secretary to General Wheeler and author of his biography, subsequently published under the title *Fighting Joe*.

Black was the night when the Spaniards blew our sailors up  
And the cry arose Remember the Maine ;  
Then came a call for men to do the dagoes up,  
So we left the ranch and went to war with Spain.

Rough Riders were we from the West,  
Green Tenderfeet the rest,  
Of mounted men the best ;  
Rallied to the flag at Roosevelt's behest  
To carve our way to glorye.

Our dozen troops were mustered in at San Anton,  
In many ways we shone,  
By virtue not alone;  
As Teddy's Terrors some of us were known  
Riding for a fall to glorye.

When the bugle blew we gaily put to sea,  
Oh, what a ship was she!  
As foul as foul could be;  
Rotten was the beef and sick as dogs were we  
Sailing on our way to Cuba.

Our flag in Cuba was the first to fly,  
Onward was the cry,  
No time to say goodbye;  
First were we to fight, and first of all to die,  
First to carve our way to glorye.

When the Spanish shells and shrapnel burst,  
Our losses were the worst,  
The chaplain even cursed ;  
Charge! cried Teddy Roosevelt, and charged the first,  
To carve our way to glorye.

Entrenched before Santiago long we lay,  
Drenched by night and day,  
Sore at the delay.  
In our rear the yellow fever raged at Siboney  
To cheat us out of glorye.

At last no single Spaniard was left to run,  
Our duty it was done,  
The Cuban war was won ;  
Dead and living, every single one  
Had carved his way to glorye.

Thus

¶ Thus passed the time in pleasaunce, and light talke on our long ride thro the night, but nathless I did breathe more easy to reach the gates of Santiago town, where was to be seen a most horrid entanglement of spiked wires and pit-falls dug crosswise in the streets for to stay our promised assault uponne ye towne. There, giving pass word and countersign we did safely enter into the coal black citye and riding straight to Mistress Clara Barton her spittal house I did deliver the girl unto her with a prettye nod and handshake from her in lieu of parting, and promises withal to serve for her escort on the morrow.

*July twenty-third.*—Up betimes in the upper hall of the Gouverneur-General's palace, where our Gen'l Wood holdeth sway now and gave his equerry, the Scotsman what served as a cornet in our command,|| a pouch of tobacky from our Virginias for his pains anent my horses, and so sallied forth to the Sign of our Ladye Venus\* and there took a goodly morning draught of Spanish Xeres wine the first that ever my lippes have tasted since I be entered into this warre.

¶ Thence up and down the narrow alleys and by-ways till I came to the portal of Mistress Barton's spittal and there whacked merrily upon the oaken door with a brace of brazen knockers until a side door of a suddain opening Mistress Wheeler trips forth and so roamed round and about through the strange town, she making sundry and dyvers pictures till in the end, forsooth she must have it to make a counterfeit presentment of mine own self sending forth despatches through the Lion's mouth  
that

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|| Sergeant Burns, of Troop A of the Rough Riders.

\* The famous Café Vénus, on the Plaza des Armas, in Santiago de Cuba.

that serveth for a mail box † for Spanish packets. So returned to the spittal house on the way thither lingering over a monstrous big cleft riven in the market place by one of Commodore Schley's cannon balls and likewise to cast a glance into the bull ring, where the Spanish and Cubano people were wont to do theyr bull baiting.

¶ Mistress Barton driving through the citye meeting us doth 'light and taketh Mistress Wheeler away with her, and so I with much inward sorrow do haste me back to the Palace and reporting myself there to Gen'l Wood, by reason of mine overlong dalliance once more took horse and hotspur out of the citye and upwards into the country to our bivouac in the hills. So rode into camp nigh midnight, and straight to the Generalissimo his tent, he rysing from his couch to hear newes of his daughter's safe housing in Santiago town, nor never spake one word of reproof for mine overlate return.

*Tuesday.*—To the general his headquarters, at bugle call, and there did help Gen'l Wheeler with his writyng of the story of the war as to his part in it, but found his way of telling it highly dull and dry with overmuch repeating of his sundry reports to Gen'l Shafter and the War Office and so mightly releaved when the generalissimo hearing how the new summer cloathes for our troopers be landed in Santiago harbour bids me to horse with an written order for to find and fetch the cloathes to camp; nor to forget to bring him an officer's toggery for himself to wear, his old cloathes being  
sadly

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† This photograph, taken by Miss Wheeler, was subsequently reproduced in the pages of *Collier's Weekly* and Lieutenant King's *History of the Spanish-American War* over the caption "An American War Correspondent in Santiago."



## *Pepys's Ghost*

sadly soyled and tattered shameful to behold. Thereat am I glad in mine heart, for God knows how bitterly we do need these cloathes, most of our troopers having naught to clothe them in but their brown horse breeches and our shirtes, all tattered and torn nor do our leaders go better cloathed. So bestrode a new found Spanish captain's horse that hath fallen to my lot, and rode forth on mine errand, meeting sundry heavy guns on the way theyr gunners straying and stryving to haul them over the hill sides all slippery with mud. Entering into Santiago town, the whilst a heavy rain be falling that wetted me to my very skin, mine horse all a'stumble over the slippery cobble stones. Then did I ride about the city hither and thither, searching every where for Colonell Humphreys, the high chief quartermaster, and at last found him in angry argument with some foot captains in the citye play house, where rough souldiers now lie aroost on the selfsame boards where Adelina Patti, our most incomparable sweet singer was first heard to sing, her first publick song in the days when Will Tweed \* fled hither with his ill gotten gains. Colonell Humphreys, so soon as he clapps eyes on my written order doth bitterly laugh aloud, and bidding me follow him leadeth me into an open yard back of the British Councillor his house, where a heavy ship grenade pierced a deep hole in the street, and there pointed to many thousands of boxes all filled high

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\* William E. Tweed, a New York chairmaker and volunteer fireman, who became leader of Tammany Hall and of the corrupt ring of politicians who ruled New York in the years after the Civil War. After his trial and conviction for theft he fled to Santiago de Cuba, and thence to Spain, where he was once more apprehended and returned to prison.

high with army clothing of cheap yellow duck cloth, and shewed me an hundred blackamoors or more hard at work unloading more boxes from the hold of a ship. *Prithee how wouldst carry all these cloathes on the back of one small horse* saith Colonell Humphreys, *or where wouldst borrow enough pack mules to convey so large a load.* Nay, my son, thou must needs wait, and so must thy master for better means be at hand to do Gen'l Wheeler his bidding. Then did I beseech him to yield unto me but one coat and pair of breeches, for Gen'l Wheeler his privy use, lest I ride back empty handed, but could no wise prevayl upon him and so came away highly wroth at such miscarriage of mine errand.

¶ To the palace and there found one of our troopers what goes by the name of San Antonio standing by the bridle of Colonell Roosevelt his horse with a baker's dozen of other horses watched over by two of our tamed red men from the Indian land brought hither with the Colonell his staff. Within the doorway stands Lieutenant Tiffany, who beholding me doth straightway bid me dine with him at the sign of Our Lady Venus across the way whereto I gladly said him yea. In the privy council chamber stood Gen'l Wood in deep converse with Colonell Roosevelt, and so 'twas laid before them how I was foyled of mine errand.

¶ *'Twill never do* quoth Mr. Roosevelt *our men must get some raiment on theyr backs and that soon.* And so after some wordes Gen'l Wood sits him down and writeth out an order how Gen'l Wheeler his newe clothes should be yielded to me forthwith and the other jerkins to follow whereon Colonell Roosevelt bids me make haste to deliver the paper to Colonell Humphreys on the instant.

*Take*

¶ *Take horse and ride* saith he, whereat I made answer, *how can I ride, without any horse*, mine own horse having been left at the blacksmith's for to be shoed anew.

¶ *Take one of our horses before the doorway!* saith Mr. Roosevelt, and so I went forth, and finding none left to watch the horses but a small Cubano lad, I did mount upon the Colonell his own courser, telling the boy as best I might in the Spanish lingo that all was well. So put spur to his flanks and guiding him straight down the steep alley to the wharf, rode boldly into Colonell Humphreys his quarters and shewing him my warrant from the Governour General put forward a stiff demand for Mr. Wheeler his cloathes and soon obtayned what I wanted without further ado. So slung my pack across the saddle pummel and rode straight for the palace agayn, and had nigh reached it, when Lieut. Tiffany of a suddain falls into my bridle and demandeth hotly how the devil I durst ride away on the Colonell his charger, whom all are now seeking for lost. San Antonio, likewise, shaketh his fist at me, and so dismounted, and stepping before the Colonell, did clearly state mine own case to him, how he had bid me ride the horse himself, and duly received his full pardon, he saying how it be plainly San Antonio his fault, whereat the trooper cast me a black look full of hate, but I made fain to heed it not. So off with Lieut. Tiffany and Sergeant Bull, of our regiment, for a merry meal at the Lady Venus hostelry where eftsoons Capt. Luna did join us, and made a welcome guest in sooth knowing how to put forward our demands for more meat and drink in choice Castilian lingo. So feasted our best from a clean linnen cloth and burnished plate and cutlery, till the

the bugles sounding in the plaza, we to horse again, after a sorry reckoning with the scoundrel landlord, he demanding more than ever was his just due. This done we in all haste after Colonel Roosevelt his calvacade and so reached camp nigh unto midnight.

*Wednesday.*—Up at call of *reveille* and snatching up my tin cup and turtle-back kit hied me to the mess fire there to get a snack wherewith to break fast. Here were gathered around the fire all of our own troop amongst them San Antonio, who at sight o' me must needs revile me in harsh and bitter wordes for a horse thief and marplot coward. At such wordes I waxed wroth and challenged him forth to fight me as best he might. Thereon he leadeth the way from camp and I hot foot after him with doubling up of my two fisticuffs for the fray when he bending low at his dog tent fetches forth his carabine and loadeth the piece full before mine very eyes. Quoth I *Wherefore dost need thine arquebuse?*

¶ *Wherefore?* saith he, *'tis in sooth to shoot thee.*

¶ *Wouldst kill me unarmed?* quoth I, fearing the worst within mine heart, whereat he made answer, *Kill thee, my lad, troth 'tis mine intent to shoot thee plumb full of holes.*

¶ Such evil talk falling on mine ears I did make a mighty leap forward to where my dag lay hidden in his holster under my tent and drawing the pistolet forth, turned myself nimbly about so as to aim the dag's muzzle straight into his face.

¶ *Hands up!* quoth I, *or thou beest a dead man,* whereat he, beholding his unholy end nigh at hand did blench and casting his arquebuse from him lifted both his handes high to heavenward.

¶ Behold here stood San Antonio each of his handes held high aloft, and I at a loss what now

to

to do, and so stood my ground holding my der-ringer straight before me.

¶ Next heard I Captain Kane his voice behind me roaring aloud *What dost mean, man? Prithee how comest to disturb all our peace with such flourish of armes? Whom dost mean to bring low with thy shooting iron?*

¶ To these mocking wordes I made no answer, but surrendering mine armes to the Captain was forthwith clapped under arrest, and a like lot befell mine enemy, and so were both marched off before the loaded arquebuses of our comrades to the mango tree beside our mess tent which now did service for an open gaol. Then did my fantasy harken back to that sweet song of our own cavalier poet

*Stone walls do not a prison make  
Nor iron bars a cell.*

¶ Thus lay we under the same tree, both together drinking gulps out of mine own canteen, and blewng smoke now one now t'other from the bowl of San Antonio's backy pipe, and so were good friends agayn. 'Twas best in sooth to stand one by t'other, most of t'other troopers turning upon us with wrathful wordes, cursing us aloud for the sore need of standing guard over us all night, when they had rather sleep in theyr pavillons, and so turned our backs on them for this theyr selfish greed for naught but ease and comfort. Anon cometh our Captain, passing the guard, and telleth us privily how we shall surely be hailed before a generall drum head court martial much to his exceeding pains and sorrow.

¶ On the morrow, at bugle call, Colonell Roosevelt, hearing of our sad plight, biddeth us both before him and asketh of each his storye. San Antonio

## *Pepys's Ghost*

Antonio, bidden to speak first, saith *Holy Virgin Mary what could I fain do since Mr. Pepys here had ye droppe on me.* Thereat both Colonell and Captain laughed aloud right heartily.

¶ Then quotha Colonell Roosevelt *What say ye to that, Mr. Pepys, whereat I made answer: Troth I cannot gainsay it that I did bid Señor San Antonio fight me, but so God help me, I meant for to fight him at close range, and he did misinterpret mine intent to mean a fight at long range.*

¶ 'Tis plain, saith Mr. Roosevelt to Mr. Kane *that these two cavaliers should be no longer in jeopardy.* 'Twas naught but an insequent misunderstanding twixt two *Rough Riders* and so let us go forth from him as free men, with orders to have our armes given agayn to us. So went our way blessing him for as wise and gentle a captain as he be brave in the fray. Eftsoon I be called to Capt. Kane his pavillion and he sayeth to me privily, how in faith I could nowise have done otherwise and therewith gives me back my derringer. Then thanking him kindly I marvelled to observe how the derringer was all unloaded, untill our cornet coming up to shake me by mine hand did slip into it all my bullets what he had privily unloaded hoping thereby to benefit me in the eyes of our judges should our quarrel have come to a head before a drum head court martiall. Such is the silent friendship of good men in need, nor shall I never forget his good turn done to me in the hour of my distress.

*Last day of the Month.*—Summoned to Generalissimo Wheeler his headquarters was there received once more in good favor, and did fully tell his privy clerk Mr. Wilson how I came to be held in jeopardy whereat he did break out in most unseemly laughter at the plights that do befall those

those that serve with Colonell Roosevelt his cavaliers. So to my work on the Generall his chronicles of the warre and wrote hard all forenoon.

¶ After mess call starteth up a great cry and rally over an envenomed tarantule spider that did secrete herself under the very couch of the generalissimo himself and there was nigh stepped upon by him when he would fain recline his bodye for his noon day rest, what our Cubano friends are wont to call theyr *Siesta* in ye Spanish tongue. On the generalissimo his hue and cry fell a great running hither and thither some of us tearing his pavillion asunder, whilst other worthy gentlemen beat the ground in great diligence stryving to discover where the horrid monster might lie in hiding. In the end when all is over, and the tent shifted to another fair spot so as to foyl the cunning tarantule, ariseth another cry of warning from Mr. Steele,\* the field cornet, who declareth loudly how some red handed rogue hath stolen the general his own palfrey from where he stood, ready saddled and bridled awaiting his master.

¶ 'Tis surely a trick of those merry thieves, the *Rough riding Cavaliers* quoth Gen'l Wheeler, and bid the cornet go forth and fetch his stolen horse from the midst of Colonell Roosevelt his camp where he would surely find him. So he goes forth, and did in sooth find the horse tethered before the tent of mine own erstwhile friend Cavalier Quayde, but that brave gentleman would no wise yield his booty up declaring how the horse had come to his hands unsought and so did of right become his prey. Then did the generalissimo wax highly wroth, but I leaving his presence unperceived did hasten

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\* First Lieutenant Steele, of the United States Cavalry, then attached to General Wheeler's staff at division headquarters.

hasten to our camp and privily warned Master Quayde how a storm be brewing lest he be taken unawares and suffer grievous hurt. 'Twas high time, for anon cometh the Cornet riding into our camp, full of loud demands and threats to boot, but the horse was nowise to be found and Master Quayde stood aloof sticking his tongue into his cheek verily as though butter could not melt in his mouth. 'Twas esteemed an humorous caper by all our cavaliers, Colonell Roosevelt himself laughing right heartily into his sleeve, and so sate me down and writ a right merry chronicle of this caracole for Mr. Collier his gazette† and having writ my tale on a sheet of wet packing paper did despatch it homewards by the help of a blackamoor muleteer, who standeth ready alway to do my bidding, having once done him a good favour what time he stood in need of it.

*First day of August.*—Up and to the general his headquarters, but passing by Colonell Roosevelt his pavillion, he draweth me aside and plieth me with close queries anent the Isle of Puerto Rico and what kind of land it be for horseback fighting. Hearing my warm praise of the countrey he taketh great cheer and bids me follow him to the generalissimo himself, there to hold long privy discourse, and did then and there lay before him all that I had told him of mine own knowledge. Eftsoons the two captains call me before them twain, and I answering them fully, the Colonell did bid me indict a entreaty to the War Office for service in Puerto Rico rather than in this hellish pest hole

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† This piece of war correspondence was published under the caption "From the Camp of the Forty Thieves." It was widely republished, and was later made the subject of an official inquiry on the part of the War Department.



hole. Having writ said epistle for him, he did bear it away with him to lay before each high officer of our army, as a round robin letter, so hoping to obtayn a favorable hearing from Generalissimo Alger, the High Chief Lord of our War Office.\*

*August third.*—Up at midnight, the moon shining at her full, sorely troubled from rumbling noyses within my belly from some horrid meate we did eat yestereen out of smalle tin boxes, truly the most sickening messe I have ever thrust into mine mouth, no never. Crawling on my bodye in exceeding payne, I did encounter many others of our troopers, belly-aching like unto me, and so lay sick all night.

*August 4.*—Ayling all day so I can nowise do my duty, nay not even write this my journall.

*August sixth.*—This day were we ordered to march into Santiago town, there to embark homewards, as hath long been the hope of all good troopers that follow Colonell Roosevelt and Gen'l Wheeler theyr standards. Ayling too much to walk afoot, Colonell Roosevelt bids me ride horseback on mine own Spanish palfrey what was taken in battelle, and did likewise kindly promise me that the horse should sail with us homewards, under the guise of his own privy war horse, that was so shamefully drowned in the Bay of Daiquiri,† so took good heart, and eftsoons rode mounted into Santiago in the company of Sir Leonard Wilson and two troopers, gallant cavaliers

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\* Theodore Roosevelt's famous round robin letter in behalf of his Rough Riders, which resulted in the regiment's recall to the United States.

† Allusion to the loss of "Rain-the-Face," Theodore Roosevelt's private saddle horse, during the landing of the first American forces in Cuba.

aliens and merry boon companions both, what rode with us for escort.

*Aug. 7th.*—This day sailed forth from the harbour of Santiago, the captain of our ship, yclept the *Miami*, steering close to the wracks of our own collier ship *Merry Mack*, scuttled by brave Ensign Hobson and his dare devil crewe, and the Spanish King his erstwhile man o' war *Maria Teresa* which was sunk in the very mouth of the harbour on the night of that great sea fight when the Spanish Almirante did vainly pit the strength of his Armada against our own Commodore Schley and his gallant shippes. So sailed forth from the harbour of Santiago and out under Castel Morro, now flying aloft our own flag, and turning the ship's prow hence stood boldly out to sea. Then did our buglers stand altogether in the fore castle and merrily blew into their brazen hornes that well beloved song *Home, Sweet Home*, and Colonell Roosevelt, perched high aloft on the poop, for his own joy and pleasance sang aloud the French song of our great Marlborough, what time he came home from the warres.\*

*Second Day Out.*—Naught fit to eat on the shippe nor to drink either, so lay very sulkily upon the deck, together with Dana Hubbell, the merry roustabout from Boston town and his friend Rob Wrenn,† that deft paume player, now both enrolled for troopers in this warre, to lie anhungered and athirst as do all of us to our lasting chagrine and sorrow. At even tide God hath pity on me

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\* "Malbrouck se va-t-en guerre,  
Mirloton, mirloton, mirlotaine.  
Il reviendra à Pâque  
Ou à la Trinité."

† Robert D. Wrenn, amateur tennis champion of America.

me, since Master Lorimer Worden,† did give me to drink a drop of his choice brandy-wine what he dearly bought from a Spanish trooper.

*August 15th.*—The most blessed day of the year, since this morrow we drew into sight of land, and soon came to anchor and eftsoons a gang-plank was laid for us and we trod merrily to dry land, leastwise those of us what could still hold themselves upright on theyr legges, and so marched up the sand hills to the spittal camp midst loud acclaim from a great concourse of peoples amongst them soft hearted wommen folk weeping to behold our sere and hollow cheeked visages. On the hill side found we many sumptuous pavillions raised for our greater comfort, by master carpenters and theyr 'prentices who, so 'tis said, did bravely work on the Sabbath day nor took no pay therefore, lest our troopers be made to lie over night in the open.

*Aug. 17th.*—This day were we joined in our Spittal Camp by the gentlemen souldiers of the Seventy-first Foot of Gotham, and they too in sorry plight of health like unto us, but no love lost 'twixt them and some of our troopers, our hotheads holding them to have proven themselves cowards and poltroons on the day of battelle, when theyr Colonell bidden to lead to the assault suffered them to lie still in shelter, to theyr lasting discomfiture and disgrace, they losing more of theyr men at this bloody bend of ye road, than did we in the heat of our assault uponne Saint John's Hill.

¶ Drawing away from a hot wrangle with these pride swollen souldier men of Gotham, our Captain, Mr. Kane summoneth me to his presence,  
and

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† Lorimer J. Worden, grandson of the famous admiral and member of New York Stock Exchange.

and there to my great astonishment am I clapped under arrest and marched off to jeopardy, nor knew aught of what had led to it.

*August 20th.*—In ye guard house, with sundry other merry gentlemen cavaliers that follow Colonel Roosevelt. The officer of the guard, Master Greenway\* whom I knew in college, what time he played foot ball for old Eli College, drawing me aside from the prisoners, telleth me privily how I be clapped in gaol by reason of my pasquinade agaynst the thieving gentlemen cavaliers what I wrote for Mr. Collier his Gazette, and printed by him as coming from Ye Camp of ye Forty Thieves. So did advise me to write another apologetick epistle, and I full of merriment sate me down in my dungeon and then and there writ this mock apologie *pro vitia mea*.

¶ “Upon my return to this country I learn with regret that the spirit of one of my letters from the front, published in a recent issue of *Collier's Weekly*, has been grievously misunderstood by certain readers. Thus it has been brought home to me with some force that my amused appreciation of the way the Rough Riders were always able to look out for themselves while in the field—a military virtue which they called ‘Rustling’—has been construed by some as a piece of ill-natured criticism.

¶ “To you, of course, it need not be explained that the article in question, headed ‘In the Camp of the Forty Thieves,’ was meant by me to be a purely humorous description of some phases of bivouac life as observed by me in the various camps of the Rough Riders in Cuba.

For

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\*Lieutenant Greenway, of the Rough Riders, who previously distinguished himself as a football player on the Yale 'Varsity Eleven.

¶ For the information, however, of those who have so utterly misunderstood my intentions, I here state with all the emphasis of one who has found the Rough Riders the very best set of fellows it has been his fortune to move among, that for chivalrous sense of honor and *corps d'esprit* the First Volunteer Cavalry is a regiment rivalling the Musquetaires of the king of France, while, so far as individual honesty is concerned, there is not, I am proud to say, one man in the whole regiment whose word is not as good as his bond." 'Tis an apologie fit to make a dogge laugh.

*August 21st.*—A sweet epistle did reach me this day from my dear wife, good womman that she is, comforting me for all mine mishaps and telleth me how she hath set forth to journey to our camp alone to entreat Colonell Roosevelt forthwith to set me free. So sate me down in great joy and wrote this song which I shall send to Mr. Badger his Literary Gazette, what is printed over the sign of ye Olde Elme in Boston town.

"Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cell."

So wrote the poet for her sake;  
In sooth she loved him well.

An open tent, an open sward,  
An open sky above,  
Hold me a prisoner under guard,  
Deprived of all but love.

Disarmed, disgraced, I do not pine,  
Strong in my innocence,  
But muse on those whose lot was mine  
In times of violence.

The poet's and the soldier's lot  
Was e'er a prison cell  
Since Lovelace languished on his cot  
And noble Chenier fell.

## *Pepys's Ghost*

A prison taught King James to sing  
When Scotland was uncrowned,  
A poet freed a captive king  
When Lion-Heart was found.

Villon, beloved for his songs,  
Sang them from prison walls;  
Gringoire, who voiced a people's wrongs,  
Endured a dungeon's thralls.

Why pine then, if on open sward,  
With open sky above,  
I am a prisoner under guard,  
Deprived of all but love?

*August 25th.*—From this day, henceforth am I a free man, my wife's entreaties having set me free, or be it the pricks of Colonell Roosevelt his conscience. Leastwise, early on the morrow after bugle call he bids me before him and without much ado setteth me free saying in a mock rough voice *Thou hast been a damned fool, but before God I forgive thee*, and wayving all my fine defence on mine own behalf aside apointeth me his privy clerk at his headquarter pavillion, he now serving no longer as our Collonell but as the generalissimo of this our cavaliers brigade.

*Sept. 1st.*—A day of sore distresse, all our water having been cut off and we all men and horses alike must go athirst, because forsooth some meddlesome sawbones hath reported to ye Chirurgical office that our water be foul and full of sickness. By midday, the sunne waxing hot, our men be grovelling in the horse pools for to quench this our horrid thirst from the green slime thereof, and a fine thing this is to meet the eye of our Lord McKinley, when he cometh on the morrow to shew himself and all his staff as chief of our Army and Navy.

¶ Colonell Roosevelt, beholding our sore need sendeth

sendeth me forth to enquire if so be it some water be not forthcoming, and with a snap of his teeth telleth me to be quick about it, and so I fling myself uponne the first horse standing in waiting and digging my spurres into his sides rode from our camp over the country crosswise and so proceeded in all haste till of a suddain the stumbling nag falleth away from under and I be pitched over his head and 'lighting on my back came nigh losing the reins in my hand. Up agayn and tarrying nowise to cleanse my soyled doublet I drived him forward in like hot haste, but rode not far, when the clap-trap nag falleth forward once more with his nozzle in the deep sand and I sprawling side-wise was affrighted to hear my pistolette discharge herself from within her holster and so arose very soberly and lifted my horse to his feet, he coughing and sneezing loudly from the fine sand and dust he had incontinently sucked into his nostrilles. So despatched mine errand and riding back very slowly, was stopped short by our Adjutant Mr. Keyes\* who telleth me how my good wife hath journeyed hither to our camp and did point to where she stood near the guard tent. Hearing this I did vault joyfully into my saddle and unmindful of my horse his stumbling way galloped hot spur whither she stood and lighting beside her flung mine arms about her and bussed her right heartily to mine heart's content.

¶ At even tide, with my furlough passporte safe in my poke, I did find her a lodging place in the Half Way Inne, and so got me ready for the morrow to furlough hence with her, so soon as we have beholden the pomp and circumstance of our Lord McKinley with his mighty train. *Sept.*

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\*First Lieutenant Keyes of the Rough Riders, who took the place of Tom Hall, the humorous writer and poet, who resigned from the front.

## *Pepys's Ghost*

*Sept. 2d.*—This day, with no water yet for man nor beast, newes be comen of a bloody battelle fought on the banks of the River Nile twixt Englishmen and the Mussulmans of the great Desert and it did come to my mind how this be likewise the day of the great memorable battelle, twixt the French and Germans when I was but a babe in arms. But my friend the Englishman, what served with the English Queen her lancers hearing of the newes did weep hot tears, that he be lying here idle and could not be in the fray.

¶ On the morrow we off, I leading my Spanish stallion, what Colonell Roosevelt did bring over for me, by his bridle and my wife riding him pillionwise, and so came down the road just as our Lord McKinley did 'light from his coach greeted by Generalissimo Wheeler and Colonell Roosevelt 'mongst the cavalcade biting the finger tips of the gauntlet on his right hand to doff it for to greet his chief.

¶ So slipped by mid the blare of bugles and ruffle of drums and shewing mine army passport did push our way to a small packet boat that plieth 'twixt here and New London but had much ado in persuading the stubborn Spanish horse to take his leap down from the wooden wharf into the floating shallop. So sailed athwart the sound, I standing at the bough sprit aside of Sir Williams,† a parliament man, and heard much angry talke from him anent the shocking bad treatment of our souldier lads and such like fiery talke.

¶ On dry land agayn we journeyed cross country to Short Beach where my wife be spending the summer season a close neighbor to Mistress Wilcox,

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† George Fred Williams, advocate for a silver currency for the State of Massachusetts.



## *Pepys's Ghost*

cox,† and there was touched in mine heart, by the postmistress her refusal to take aught of hand-sel money from my hand whilst I be a souldier enrolled in our countrie her service. So home and lay for the next three days in a knit sailors' hamock stryving to forget the illis and ventures of this summer.

*Sept. 15.*—This day we be discharged out of our service in the army and did receave nigh unto £200 from the army paymaster which I holding to be overmuch stryved to bring back to him but he would not have the money telling me how it be for my travail stipend wherewith to voyage back whither I was sworn into service which was nigh the Cubano village of Caney, in sooth a strange practice whereat I marvelled greatly in my secret heart. To Colonell Roosevelt his pavillion to bid farewell to him, and found him in sore distress he having no clerk to aid him in writyng his last reports to the War Office, and so forthwith offered to stand by him in this, which he taketh in good part, and so sate me down once more to do his bidding not as for a master but for a friend, and in sooth it liked me better to have it thusly.

¶ At even tide great jollity and merriment in our camp, for joy at our discharge, and some one fetchyng a casque of good sack for our roysterieng cavaliers, they did fall to stepping a measure round about the camp fire wherein was burned all manner of wood we could lay our hands on, and so danced bravely after the manner of the savage red men of America, two of them, yclept Apache Michael and Cherokee Bill leading the measure, with quaint high leaps and brandishment of battle axes.

*Sept. 16th.*—Woke late with mine head nigh  
bursting

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† Ella Wheeler Wilcox, poet and essayist.

bursting, and making an end of Mr. Roosevelt his reports did take my leave of him, he writyng some worthy qualifications upon the face of my discharge papers whereunto he did put his seal and hand, and so made haste to join our Captain, Mr. Kane, and with him journeyed to Gotham very friendly, but he troubled in his mind at some our cavalier troopers riding in the same coach with us what did fall to shooting theyr derringers through the roof of the coach, he hating to say them nay being no longer theyr lawful captain, so I must needs plead with them as theyr erstwhile comrade to forbear, which after some high talke they did in sooth deign to do. So to our journey's end and alight at Long Island, whence we over the ferry into Gotham, and there clasped hands for a last parting, he going to his home and I to mine.

*October 16.*—'Tis a full month that I have not set hand to my journall, living all this while in great joy and contentment at home, and all but cured of my inward ayling, but this day I be called to Saratoga town, once more to ply my trade as a gazeteer of publick matters and so stood by while the concourse\* guided by Chauncey Depew† and Elihu Root‡ did acclaim Mr. Roosevelt as theyr chosen man for Gouverneur-General. So soon as settled, I out of the guild hall and sent to Mr. Roosevelt his house in Oyster Bay a privy despatch how things stood. Thence to Syracuse town to the other party theyr concourse, where met sundry good friends all proclaiming themselves  
hot

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\* New York Republican State Convention at Saratoga, which nominated Theodore Roosevelt for the governorship.

† Senator Depew, president of New York Central Railroad.

‡ Famous New York barrister, later Secretary of War.

hot for our Lord Mayor § his brother Judge Van Wyck,|| father-in-law to my good friend Mr. Osborne,\* of the Crown Attorney's office and he, beholding me, reproaches me for a turncoat, but took it not in ill part, knowing how he be carried away by his choler.

October 18.—On my return to Gotham, Mr. Roosevelt bids me to his sister's house nigh to the Seventh Foot † theyr Armory and there broke fast with him and my good friend Master Steffens,‡ what now controlleth our oldest gazette in Gotham.\*\* Mr. Roosevelt in high anger at some reproach brought agaynst him for that he had not paid his taxes, leastwise not all, and so did thump the table with his fisticuff, crying aloud *This I cannot forgive them that they should dare to question mine honour*, till we appeased him somewhat, Steffens by his brave promise to succour his cause with his gazette and I likewise pledging myself to lift up my voice for him in the country, and so parted, I taking a hackney coach for Mr. Collier his printing house.

¶ There met with his son, who did forthwith bid me break bread with him, and leading me forth from his office took me through a motley throng of comely wenches, bent upon folding and binding all manner of curious folios, truly a pretty sight nor could I turn mine eyes from theyr comely countenances and bare arms till he, laughing did drag

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§ Robert A. Van Wyck, mayor of New York City.

|| Augustus Van Wyck, judge of New York Supreme Court.

\* See previous note.

† Seventh New York Volunteers, a crack regiment which brought much opprobrium upon itself by the colonel's refusal to let them re-enlist for the Spanish War.

‡ Lincoln J. Steffens. (See previous note.)

\*\* New York *Commercial Advertiser*, founded in 1797.

drag me from the place and so to Delmonico his tavern where he did unfold to me his project for me to hie me to the Philippine Isles, to write a long chronicle thereof, but I telling him that I be first pledged to Colonell Roosevelt his cause and how my wife must needs go with me on so long a journey, he maketh a counter proposal for me here to await the turn of events untill Mr. Roosevelt be called to his *gouverneurship* and then to hie me to the port of La Habana, thence to chronicle the changes wrought by the Spaniards theyr last dislodgement from the Antilles and our men's entry in theyr place. To this did I gladly consent and so made a good meal of it, over a rare flagon of noble Burgundy wine sweet meats and black coffee drink from Araby.

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EDITOR'S NOTE.—Here follows a long hiatus, during which our latter-day Mr. Pepys engaged in the political campaign for Mr. Roosevelt's election as governor, as member of the Political Literature Committee, and as a stump orator, in which efforts he ceased not until the triumphant election of his leader to the highest office in his State. The next few entries in the *Journall* reveal him in his old-time rôle of *bon-viveur* and chronicler:

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*November fifteenth.*—Up early and to breakfast, but found the food uncommonly bad.\* Went abroad about business, but home for dinner. Then off very merrily to the Horse Show, I in my white waist-coat and glossed beaver and shoen, of the fashion that pleases me well, my wife in her new gowne and purple petticoat, very pretty. At the show we were nigh crushed unto death, the gentlemen and ladies stepping around the hall like ye hands on a poke dial with no regard to the horses, but to the many persons of quality in the stalls. All were gaping at the Duke of Savoy, late arrived, making him move uneasily in his place, till he up  
and

and out to avoid them. And so much finery and pretty laces and handsome smocks with silken sarcenets I never did behold, no not in former times, when the Duke of Marlborough brought his bride, but my wife thought it a shame to have all the frocks spoiled by a stench of stables.

¶ Of a sudden there was a great outcry at the tall jumps and leaps of two riders, riding to break their necks, but no hurt came of it. One of the cavaliers, truly, who had fallen with his horse, did roll about piteously on the ground, but then stood up, and with riding-coat and breeches all stained, did once more clamber upon his palfrey, rearing frightfully, amid the hand-clappings of many ladies. But it was a sorry sight to see him drive the poor horse to a fence too high for him to leap and so he ruefully dismounted. Then came the constables, riding bravely in their gray coats, and I marvelled to see them sit so warriorly and straight, not one whit like unto gray sparrows,\* at which the people cheered them, for verily they wheeled their horses well, after the manner of brave troopers.

¶ In the throng I met with a face I knew, and challenged him, thinking it had been Master Gibson,† one of our pamphleteering draughtsmen come to portray the company, and did inquire for his handsome wife, but, finding that it was a gentleman that has no wife at all, I was much shamed, but made a pretty good excuse that I took him for an artist-paynter doing well, and so parted.

¶ My wife complaining of the stench and her tight bodice, we, with much trouble, made our way  
out,

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\* Allusion to the nickname "sparrow cop," applied to the park police of New York.

† Charles Dana Gibson, illustrator and artist.

out, took an new fangled coach what runneth of its own free will without horses and home to supper. So to bed, late in the night, weary, which I seldom am.

*Thanksgiving Day.*—Up betimes to seek out my warmest cloathes and greate cloake with new striped orange cravatte, as well, wherein to deck me for this day's sports betwixt ye rival colledges, and mighty glad to be so well rid of affairs at the office, the others toyling there very jealous. My wife would have it I should don a crimson neck cloth to do honour to my colledge, but I denied her, retayning the striped cravatte, her that my father wore when he did go a schoolboy to Nassau Hall,† regardlesse of mine own colledge. But she very contrary calleth me traitor and unnatural man, and prinketh her in her crimson gowne and red roses in very spite of me, and I not the hearte to chide her. So with manyfold furry skinnies and wrappes by coach to the playground, a tedious long drive but for the merry company on the same way with us winding loud horns, with wayving of motley ribands, untill getting to the very doors of ye empty field, we find a mighty mob with loud mouthed peddlars offering their wares,—play bills, pamphlets, passports, and fluttering banners, with many more ribands and horns and little footballs stuck on pinnes, very pretty.

¶ Then showed I my passports and coming in with the pushing crowde very glad to sit in our seats to behold the joyful antics and clamor of the colledge boys prancing on their benches, shouting their shouts, croaking as they were toades,† and singing ribald songs to lewd musique. So heard I  
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† Princeton University.

† Allusion to Yale Freshmen's adaptation of the Frog Chorus from Aristophanes.

## *Pepys's Ghost*

the airs of the naughty belly dance,† of the rousing round song, *O Give Us To Drink, Good Tapster*, and others I knew not, but liked well the words to one that Master Scollard \* did sing aloud for our high edification.

Below the market-place, perdie,  
And hard by quaint Saint Giles,  
There stands the goodliest hostelry  
In many winding miles.  
The gables bright the guests invite,  
The windows gleam, I trow ;  
And letters o'er the oaken door  
Proclaim — Ye Olde Yew Bough.

What welcome here! what hearty cheer  
When wide the portal flies!  
A smile that doth the heart beguile  
Shines from the mistress' eyes.  
The fire heaps up, the pewter cup  
Is brimmed with foam, and now  
We toss a toast — *Our winsome host*  
*What rules Ye Olde Yew Bough.*

Where hangs that sign, there still is mine  
A corner snug and warm ;  
Then let the haunted hill-wind whine,  
And rage the sleety storm!  
A pipe, a book, an ingle nook,  
A slyly whispered vow,  
Care left behind, all these I find  
Within Ye Olde Yew Bough.

which all I must set to musique for mine orboe.

¶ But all this bellowing by our bard as naught to the mighty shout that went up when the foot ball plaiers ran hotfoot athwart the meadow made most unsightly and fearthsome to behold by towzled hair, face masques, false noses, shin greaves, leathern jerkins, and other monstrous harness, rolling

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† Music hall song known as “ Streets of Cairo.”

\* Clinton Scollard, cavalier poet of the time.

rolling and tumbling uponne theyr wind ball most like to bear cubs.

¶ Eleven players this side and eleven that facing one another very fierce, besides the judge of the fray what standeth by with a golden whistle in his teeth like our savage arch foe Sir Aguinaldo, the wind ball of a suddain bounced forth. Then did they straightway fall to mauling, bating and buf-feting each the other most unkindly untill they fell in heaps altogethery and none of us knew where the ball might be altho highly curious.

¶ So was the game waged, now one coledge pre-vayling now t'other, to the great contentment or utter consternacion of the gowmsmen that beheld it, the militant coledge lads meanwhile strewing the field, sorely battered and wounded, or stretched out stark for dead, untill succored with water payls or horse buckettes made toothsome by citron and lemon peal.

¶ And I marvelled not a little to behold fair and daintie ladyes plauding such fierce fray, but was resolved in the end that women and men be rendered alike cruell in theyr heartes by biting cold, such as we there did suffer for all our warme wrappes and stamping of feet, but right well contented with the issue.

¶ To supper at Waldorf Astor his inne,\* who is now so swollen with pride that he must forsooth forsake his own countrie and pretend that he be the seed of an ancient nobilitye when all the world knoweth that his sires were naught but common butchers and furriers, albeit worthy men of theyr kind. 'Tis a matter fit to make a dogge laugh.

*Last day of November.*—Up betimes, this day, and to the city, to buy my boy a drum, having writ

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\*The Waldorf-Astoria Hotel on Fifth Avenue in New York, built by William W. Astor.



writ this and like errands very solemn on my wristband to appease my wife. To the grill and tap-room of the Lambs,† vexed sorely by the snow and slush bespattering my new lacquered shoen, but there met with Robert Hilliard, the player, and James W. Osborne,‡ of the staff of Colonel Fellows,§ now dead these three years, and Col. Gardiner who did prevail upon me to take my morning draught with them. I condoling very heartily with Mr. Osborne upon his one-time fortune at the Court of Oyer and Terminer, when the sworn-men see free his prisoner, Mr. Molineux, what was held to be an arch poison fiend, he laughs ruefully and says how he can call quits, now that he has both convicted and acquitted his prisoner, each by due process of law; but demandeth my condolences rather for the coming great upheaval in the public Prosecutor's staff, upsetting so many merry gentlemen and their retainers more than an hundred all told, and he with them. A sorry deed, indeed.

¶ While thus we sat talking earnestly over a chine of beef, Bob Hilliard, waxing emphaticall, must needs spill a tankard of ale into my sleeve, and I much grieved to think I had worn my new coat with the long skirts and lining of sarcenet agaynst my wife's will, and so repenting and wiping the stains off with my kerchief, beheld of a sudden the words she had writ on my wristband and bethought me of my errand to buy a drum.

But

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† Actors' Club, near the middle part of Broadway known as the New Rialto, the Old Rialto remaining along East Fourteenth Street.

‡ James W. Osborne, prosecutor of many *causes célèbres*.

§ John R. Fellows, Southern orator and twice District Attorney of New York.

¶ But the roystering play-actor, hearing me speak of drums, inviteth us to go to the drummers' fair in the Madison Square Garden, to make amends for my drenched sleeve, so that I could not say him nay, but were all agreed not to go til late, and so parted, they that way and I this.

¶ Not knowing whither to go first, and withal loath to step in the wet streets, I took coach and so to ye great coopers' shop with the fountain. || Such hurly-burly, nor so many women and maydes did I never see, all pushing and jostling, each against each, very rude, with the shop wenches not minding them — no, not one bit — but discoursing and frolicking amongst themselves very freely. When I came upon the fountain, with the gilded sculpture therein, behold the basin was filled not with water, but with cheap bargains and shop-maydes selling them, all making a damned noise with calls and cries for errand-lads. Toyling up many stairways and turning many corners, did I at last come to the chamber of toys, very diverting and catch-penny, with sledges and trompettos heapwise, but no drums, all drums having long been sold.

¶ In high anger did I once more take coach and going from shop to shop did enquire earnestly for my drum, but was sore vexed to find no drums nowhere, with all the world meseemed mad to be drummers. To Wanamaker, the Quaker's shop, by Grace Church, where the wenches be very willing and civill, making no wry mouthes at them they serve, and was led by one into the vaults below, where we found, indeed, a drum, the last to be had in ye town. Yet, after all my toyle and trouble, was I loath to quit the pretty shop-wench, until, sorely anhungered and athirst, I hied me

me to St. Denis's tavern \* across the way to sit at dinner with my friends.

¶ After many stoups of hearty sack, and a worthy snack of venison, we verry merry to the drummers fair, I bearing mine own drum, as it were a payl of lard.

¶ There found we a great throng, straying hither and thither to behold the daynties set forth in wonderful Pavilions and Booths, with rich store of laces and noble ribands, and all manner of finery, a sight what made me to long for my wife, that she might likewise look upon them, and so did buy her a box with Sandal wood and Spike-nard, very dear. Elbowing onwards bravely, we met many friendly faces by the way, but stayed not, untill hard by the monstrous merry-go-round, gilded and passing strange, with chariotts in place of hobby-horses, swaying and pitching forward like a lugger on the high seas, very tipsy. The others all hot for the venture, but I fearthsome, yet feared more to be dubbed poltroon, and so clambered into the Hellish machine. Then were we cruelly racked and tossed about and suffered tórment such as I never have had, no not sith I crossed the channel from Florida to Cuba, and backwards, til we all crying out, the machine was stayed and we were suffered to put foot on ground, mighty glad to be out of it.

¶ So meeting Stephen of Szinnyey,† one time a nobleman of Hongria, well known to me, he haileth us very heartily as the master of the Show, and enticeth us the erstwhile stables below most fancifully tricked out for a pleasure walk and very mayfair, with penny shows, Rōmany jugglers, and sorcerers to right and left, yea even camels, dromedaries

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\* Hotel St. Denis on Broadway.

† Commercial travellers' press agent.

edaries, cockatoos, and other wild beasts, with mock citties and taverns of Egypt, Ireland, and ye German Empire, all singing and noisy. Amongst them all ye loud crier of the Coney beech-fair,† more loud and fiercer than ever, withal very persuading, who must needs follow for fondness of us, and soon bringeth us to ye pavilion of maydens, striving one against another for a pocket clock to be apprized to the comeliest, but none too pretty with all their wiles and pursing of lips, no place to tarry. With all haste away, a great crowd following, to the Punch & Judy playhouse, there to behold Yvette Guilbert,§ who singeth the naughty rhymes at the musique halls, selling away children's dolls, great and small, like unto a town crier or sheriff to the best bidder. And the French woman espying us spareth no pains to make us buy, pointing at us with many French quips and English too, till for very shame we must each buy his doll, none knowing what to do therewith, and so out and to some oysters at Delmonico's. Thence home and to bed very early to be up betimes on the morrow for our long journey over sea. So endeth the year for me in Gotham town.

*December 1st.*—Up early at Mr. Astor his hostelry, we lying over night there for that our house be all torn up and our winter rayment packed up for to make our voyage over sea to the Antilles, and so broke fast with Mr. Nast of Mr. Collier his printing house he kindly having undertook to escort us twain to our shippe, the trader *Orizaba* what plieth twixt our port and the West Indy seas, and so with a fair wind stood out of the Narrows and by the Sand Hook into the high sea.

*December*

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† Coney Island at entrance of New York Harbor.

§ French *chanteuse* then in great vogue.

*December 5th.*—My wife ayling in her berth with siknesse of the sea I abroad on the quarter deck and did there fall into converse with a fellow ship mate, bearded like unto a pard, who doth tell me how he be lately come from the gold mines in the Klondyke yet poor in money as he went thither from the gold fields of the South Afric Republique. On my pricking him with queries he launches forth in high bitterness at Sir Cecyl Rhodes || and his friend what they call Doctor Jim,\* dubbing the twain high rogues and murderers, plotting to rob all honest men of theyr deserts, yet found him to be a Scotsman born and bred, and true withal to his Queen. Forwith to still my wonderment he did curdle my blood with harrowing tales of Sir Cecyl's monstrous greed and cruelty, which things, he professeth be commonly known throughout South Africa from the Cape of Good Hope to beyond the banks of the Vaal River. So wore away the day what with listening to the gold miner his wrathful wordes and ministering to my poor wife her needs, until by eventide we be comen within sight of Castel Morro, standing by the mouth of the harbour of La Habana, and did put me in mind of the stirring days when we did cruise back and forth before the castel with our fleet of man o' wars men and what time I did spy into La Habana unawares in the guise of a Dutch merchantman.

¶ So came up close to the Morro, our pilot making haste to steer his ship into her anchorage to the lee of Las Cabañas, lest the sunne should set fore we might make our port and so set us back adrift until the morrow, such being the law of the land

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|| Chief promoter of British interests in South Africa.

\* Dr. Jameson, leader of an abortive raid into the Transvaal in 1897.

land whilst the Spaniard still holds sway in the Antilles. Drawing nigh within a fathom's reach of the Morro I make haste to draw my poor wife forth from her couch to behold the waves leaping high up agaynst the breakwater and beyond the bastion, yea, dashing theyr spreys and spindrift to the very foot of the beacon light nigh an hundred feet in heighth, but my wife, poor wretch, too ill at ease, e'en to lift her head to behold so straunge a marvel. So into the harbour and 'twas wonderful how incontinently our ship did cease to rock and wallow in the trough of the sea, the waters within lying smooth as the face of my ladye's hand glass. Then did my wife arise and proclaiming herself well and hearty prinked and pruned her bodye to make ready for to 'light, and so stood by the taff-rail awaiting the call of the watermen in their shallops rowing round about our shippe. In the end we off, and taking coach at the water gate through many pitch dark streets and alleys to ye greate English Inne dubbed in the Spanish lingo *El Gran Hotel del Inglaterra*. Then to supper, eating of strange and divers dishes such as never we ate before, but the sack made of Xeres grapes well to my liking, and so to bed glad to be rid of the sea.

*December 6th.*—Up late, lying long abed these nights of straunge merriment in *La Habana*, the town full of Spanish souldiers shipping off to Spain and our souldiers flocking to land in great shippe loades. Broke fast in the open *pateo* † of our house in deep discourse with the Marquis of Estruch, ‡ who meaneth to sail for Spain on the morrow, and he doth tell me highly emphaticke how

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† Interior Cuban garden.

‡ Spanish major-general commanding the cavalry division in Cuba.

how he be heartily glad to quit the Antilles having never found content in fighting agaynst these Cubano rebels what would no wise stand theyr ground for a fair fight.

*December 8th.*—My serving man Veloce, entering early in the morn for to arouse us, I did bid him set forth food wherewith to break fast, and he serving us none too nimbly did ask him scornfully how he come to be named Veloce what meaneth in the Spanish lingo Nimble. Then did he unfold to me with mournful wordes how he be a German gentleman born, and full fledged doctor of laws, offspring of Maurice Swind,§ the great Dutch paynter, and now come to this low degree, whereat I counselled him to leave off this idle drudgery wherefore he doth get naught but his pains rather to go and ply a trade of his own be it ever so humble. So he off and did this very day quit his service and cometh back proudly for to tell me how he hath took up the trade of a huckster and sweetmeats vendor.

*Dec. 12th.*—To the Inglaterra for my daily draught of Xeres wine and there beheld Señor Sanguilly, the Cubano rebel, lately returned, with black ugly looks flashing 'twixt his friends and highly wrathful souldiers of the Spanish King his forsaken army. So lingered until nightfall and after supper back again for trouble was surely brewing.

¶ Of a suddain, we having quaffed our third round of wassail cups, bursts forth an angry quarrell 'twixt Cubanos and Spaniards, and one man striking 'tother in the face, tables be overturned, and flashes of drawn swordes. Anon cometh the loud noyse of a blunderbuss and other souldiers running up, all fall to shooting their arquebuses this way

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§ Moritz von Schwindt, R.A., of Bavaria.

## Pepys's Ghost

way and that, we hiding away into an ingle nook, whilst bullets and broken glass flew hither and thither. The Cubanos flying up the stairway, with Spanish souldiers shooting after them, I out into the square and there beheld Mr. Mott || upon a balcony watching the Spanish souldiers assault the hostelry. Then did I see poor Veloce shot dead, and one fierce Spanish trooper hot spur after a Cubano flying for his life before the sharpe point of his sworde, and anon come upon Stephen Crane,§ who standeth with both his hands held aloft, lest he be shot for a Cubano, and I accosting him, he did waggishly shake his head and proclaim *'Tis another night of St. Bartholomew.*

*Dec. 16.*—The town still in high uproar with troops in all places, and no hackney coaches durst enter ye publick square where horse and foot stand guard over the doors of the Inglaterra hostelry. Entering within I behold bullet holes in the guilded mirror glass of the hallway, and Mynheer Herring,† the Dutch gazeteer, drawing me aside sheweth me two gaping holes rent by musquet balls above his couch over the very place where he did sleep. Major Mott likewise plucks me by the sleeve to shew me whence he did gaze down upon the brawl what time I beheld him yester night.

¶ He feathsome lest worse trouble brew, for 'tis th' appointed day for the landing of our own first troops in the port, so I to fetch my wife and with her

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|| Major Mott, U.S.V., attached to General Greene's staff, just arrived in Havana from the conquest of the Philippines.

\* Author and war correspondent, at that time despatched to Havana by the *New York Journal*.

† War correspondent for the *New York Staatszeitung* and author of *Der Krieg in Kuba*.



her away to Saint Joseph his wharf there to gaze upon our own fair lads in their blue shirts and overwarm cloathes striding like unto giants mongst all these Spanish pygmie folk, and a motley throng of blackamoors and dancing pickaninny boys to acclaim them on this their first march thro the town.

¶ *They have come in the nick of time* quoth Steven Crane, we coming upon him in the midst of the town, for he hatheth all Spaniards as they were poison. He most cocksure how more frays and mayhap bloody rebellion must soon follow, and so gave but scant heed when I did bid him go with us to behold them unearth the bones of great Sir Cristopher Columbus in the church of La Habana on the morrow, but in the end gave me a hearty yea.

*Dec. 20th.*—To the church and found there a solemn throng of Spanish friars, troopers and officers of the crown gathered to shew honour to their great Admiral, now long dead and gone, on his last voyage over seas, whilst the great bells above be tolling for his proud soul. All them assembled thither highly curious to pry into the casket hidden 'neath his noble monument of four brazen friars bearing him aloft in his marble bier, for 'tis a saying in this country how the bones of noble Sir Cristopher did turn in his grave what time his namesake, the flag shippe *El Gran Almirante Cristobal Colon* was sunk off this island by our Commodore Schley,† but on peering within were sorely discomfited finding neither bones nor documents, no not even the iron chains where-with he was disgraced alive, yet 'tis known that in his last will and testament he did earnestly  
enjoy

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† Final stroke of the great naval victory off Santiago, July 3, 1898.

enjoyn his son, Sir Diego, nowise to forbear to bury these selfsame chains with him to the everlasting shame and contumely of the King of Spain.

¶ Thereat I privily confirmed in my mind that these be not the true ashes of Sir Cristopher, they lying lost elsewhere in the shuffle from one graveyard to tother, mayhap on Saint Dominick,<sup>†</sup> his island, where they last lay, mayhap at Sevilla or mayhap in Valladolid, where they did first bury him.

¶ 'Twas a fair sight, albeit, this day to behold so many late honours shewn to ye dead Admiral, eight coal black mules drawing his hearse, with horse and foot souldiers marching after to the ruffle of drummers and booming shots of cannon from the castle, and so brought him to the harbour's edge and there saw the casket lowered into a barge and taken aboard a fast sloop o' war, *El Conde de Venadito*, there to lie in state beside the bodyes of those brave Spanish captains Sir Santocildes § and Linares lately slain in the warres.

¶ So home to dinner, deep in meditacion on the vanity of all things, which I seldom am, but tarried at the *Three Friars*, Stephen Crane his chosen tap room, to uprayd him for so light a breach of his solemne promise, but he so far gone in dalliance with two morena damozels and at such losse what to plead in his owne behalfe that he did feign to be too deep in drink to know my face, and so left him, nor knew how to explain his ill manners to my wife, waiting for me below in her hackney coach.

*December*

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<sup>†</sup> San Domingo. For the long-pending controversy concerning the last resting-place of Columbus' ashes, see Frederick Ober's book on the subject.

§ Commanding generals at the battle of San Juan, July 2, 1898.

*December 25th.*—A sorry Yule tide away from my home and our children, my wife weeping all day as one bereft, nor no holy day for any one in the Antilles. For this day laws be gone forth, to put an end of all high carnivals, since the blackamoor Cubanos can so little constrayn theyr pleasure at the Spaniard his downfall that they must needs shoot off theyr deadly blunderbusses and derringers at all hours of the night and day, and now many lie ayling in the spittals sorely wounded.

*Last day of the Year.*—Up early and to the Captain General his palace,|| what he must quit on the morrow to the lasting chagrine and sorrow of all the Spanish King his people, and there sued him for a passeporte wherewith to enter into Morro Castle, to-morrow to stand bye when our good flag is raised over the battlements and the blood and gold standard of Leon and Castile be pulled down for aye.

¶ He receaveth me in stately courtesy, as a true nobleman, and did tell me with a bitter smile how my name be entered on his black list for an arrant spy, as was privily told to me ere this by Master Dawley,\* the fire brand scribe, but now all is forgiven in token whereof the Captain General did give to me his own counterfeit presentment for keepsake. Likewise he did furnish unto me such passeportes I asked for, signed with his hand and signet and bearing the royal seal of Castille, but his clerk taking me aside enjoyneth me, how all grants and privileges of the Crown of Spain will go for naught on the morrow after the stroke

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|| Capitan-General Castellanos, the last Spanish Governor of Cuba.

\* Thomas Dawley, Jr., editor of the first English newspaper published in Cuba and author of *On the Trail of Gomez*.

stroke of noon and biddeth me therefore go thither provided with furthermore privileges granted by our own gouverneur-general that is to be. So parted from the Spaniards, theyr Captain General leading me to his door, highly pleasant spoken and courteous,—'tis what they call *grandezza* in the Castilian lingo, and I into my coach and hence to our own Generalissimo Fitzhugh Lee,† at his country house *Buena Vista*. 'Tis the most handsome house in that neighbourhood, where winter is made green with noble king palms and summer flowers ever in blossom, and so stating mine errand to him did obtayn all that I asked, and will thus properly play mine own part on the morrow come what will. Thence back to La Habana, and after a merry supper at the Hostelry of the Passage-way‡ on the Prado, to the Duke of Tacon his play house and there saw a highly solemn tragedy of the great playwright, Calderon, shewing how all life be but a dream,§ a deep play forsooth and liked me well, but 'tis the last play to be given at this house in the Spanish tongue or with Spanish play actors. Returning thence we strayed by the way to glimpse into an open court where blackamoors be dancing theyr wild savage measure with incontinent shouts of Cuba Libre, Cuba libre, Cuba libre, what meaneth that they now hold themsleves free to cast off all restraynt, poor fools.

¶ So endeth the year with rag, tag and bobtail, as it begun, but God knoweth I be a changed man from what I was of yore.

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† Officer of the American Confederate Army and later American consul in Havana, installed as Governor-General after the Spanish evacuation of Cuba.

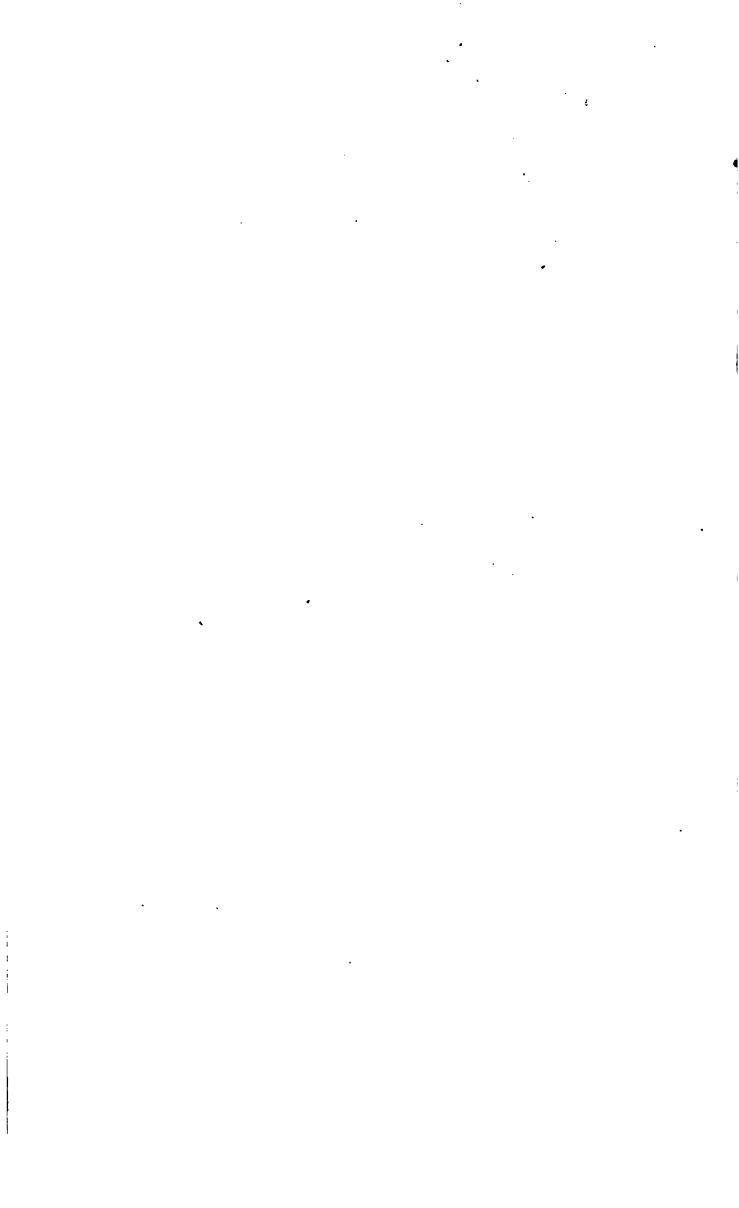
‡ Hotel Passaje, so named from an arcade cutting through its centre to the next street.

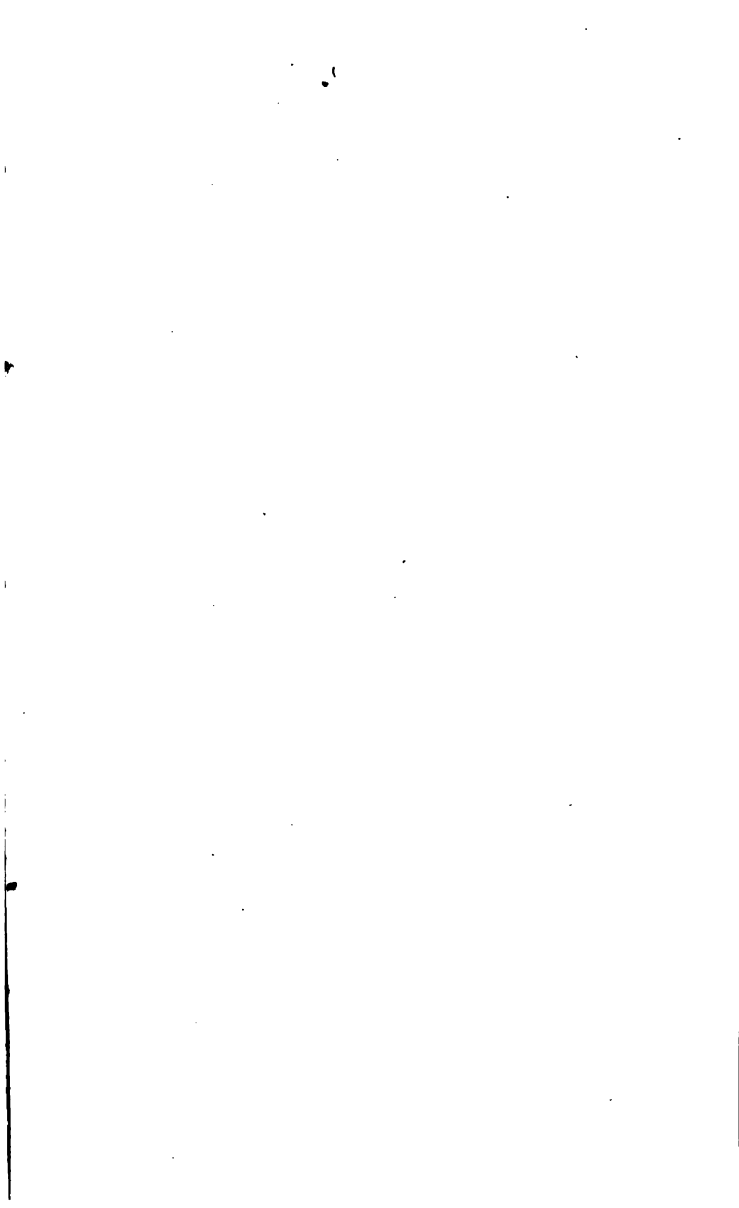
§ *La Vida es Sueño*.





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